FORUM

For November, 1916

LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE

By a British Army Officer

(*Continued*)

Letter X

WE are back again in billets, but so close to the line this time that it is more like being in support trenches. That is to say, one hears all the firing, and knows just what is happening in the line all the time. Also, we do carrying fatigues in the trenches at night. Still, it is billets, and not bad. One can get a bath, and one can sleep dry. I must tell you about billets some time. Just now the letter from you lying in front of me contains clear orders. I am to tell you just what patrolling is—quite a big order, this.

Well, there are many different kinds of patrols, but so far as we are concerned, here in trenches, they boil down to two sorts: observation patrols, and fighting patrols, such as bombing and raiding parties. It is all night work, of course, since one cannot do anything over the parapet by day without getting shot; anything, that is, except a regular attack preceded by bombardment of the Boche lines. On the whole, I think it is about the most interesting part of our work; and I think it quite safe to say it is a part in which our fellows can run rings round the Boches. In masses (well primed with rum; ether and oxygen, too, they say) the Boche can do great things. He will advance, as it were, blindly in

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the face of any kind of fire you like; even the kind that accounts for sixty or seventy per cent of him in a hundred yards. But when he comes to act as an individual, or in little groups, as in patrolling—well, we don't think much of him. We think our worst is better than his best in all that sort of work. I'm perfectly certain that, man for man, the British and the French troops are more formidable, harder to beat, and better men all around than the Boche.

The first kind of patrol I mentioned—observation—is part and parcel of our every-day routine in the firing line. This kind of patrol goes out every night, and, often, several times during the night, from every company. Its main objective is observation: to get any information it can about the doings of the Hun, and to guard our line against surprise moves of any sort. But, though that is its main object, it does not go unarmed, of course, and, naturally, will not refuse a scrap if the chance comes. But it differs from a bombing or raiding patrol, in that it does not go out for the purpose of fighting, and as a rule is not strong, numerically—not more than about half a dozen in the party as a rule. In some companies observation patrols are often sent out under a good N. C. O. and no officer. We make a point of sending an officer always; not that we can't trust our N. C. O's.; they're all right; but we all talked it over, and decided we would rather one of us always should go. As I said it is interesting work, and work with possibilities of distinction in it, and we are all pretty keen on it. Every company in the battalion is, and the rivalry is intense. (Boche patrols, one gathers, hardly ever include an officer.)

With us it is decided during the afternoon just what we are going to do that night in the patrol line and the officer whose turn it is chooses his own men and N. C. O's. And, within limits, the Peacemaker lets us work out our own plans pretty much as we like, providing there's no special thing he wants done. If often happens that during daylight the sentries, or the officer on duty, have been able to make out with glasses some signs of work being done at night by the Boche in his front line, or in a sap, or in a communication

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trench. Then that night it will be the job of the patrols to investigate that part of the opposite line very carefully. Perhaps half a dozen Boches will be found working where our patrol can wipe 'em out by lobbing a few bombs among 'em. That's a bit of real jam for the patrol. Or, again, they may observe something quite big: fifty to a hundred Boches carrying material and building an emplacement, or something of that kind. Then it will be worth while to get back quickly, having an exact bearing on the spot, and warn the O. C. company. He may choose to turn a couple of machine guns loose suddenly on that spot; or he may find it better to telephone up Battalion Headquarters and let them know about it, so that, if they like, they can get our heavies turned on and liven the Boche job up with a good shower of H. E. to smash the work, after a few rounds of shrap to lay out the workers.

Then, again, if you all keep your eyes jolly well skinned there is a sporting chance of getting another kind of luck. You may spot a Boche patrol while you're crawling about in No Man's Land. B Company had the luck to do that three nights ago, and our fellows are so envious now, they all want to be patrolling at once; it is as much as one can do to keep them in the trench. They are simply aching to catch a Boche patrol out and put the wind up "B." You see, B lost two out of a Boche patrol of six, killing three and taking one prisoner. A can't say anything about it, of course, because we've not had the luck yet to see a Boche patrol. But God help its members when we do, for I assure you our fellows would rather die half a dozen times over than fail to wipe B's eye. It's the way they happen to be built. They don't wish the Boche any particular harm, but if they can get within sight of a Boche patrol, that patrol has just got to be scuppered without any possible chance of a couple getting clear. The performance of B has just got to be beaten, and soon! Honestly, it isn't easy to hold these chaps back. The observation patrol I was out with the night before we came from trenches really needed holding. There was no Boche patrol for them to scupper, and just to humor the beggars

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I kept 'em out nearly an hour longer than I had any right to; and then, if you'll believe me, they were so disappointed at having to head back with nothing in the bag, so to say, that the corporal was deputed to beg my permission for a little raid on the Hun's front trench. And there were just five of us, all told; our only weapons knobkerries and two bombs each, and my revolver and dagger.

By the way, the survivor of the Hun patrol that B rounded up was not the first prisoner taken by the battalion. No, we had that honour nearly a week ago. A queer episode, that, on our second night in. There was a bit of line on our extreme right which was neither for use nor ornament; a horrible place. It had been all blown in by trench mortars and oil-cans, and hardly had a strand of unbroken wire in front of it. (You may be sure it is in different shape now. We worked at it for two nights in succession, and made a good job of it.) Well, it was so bad for fifty yards or so that sentries could not occupy it properly; no fire-step left, and no cover worth speaking of. Taffy Morgan was nosing about in front of this bit just after dark, out beyond where the wire had been, marking places for new entanglements, when he spotted a big Boche patrol making slowly up that way from their front. They were fifteen or twenty strong.

Taffy lay very low, and crawled back into our line without being seen. Then he raced down the trench for his pet machine gun—a Lewis—and got it along there with a corporal and a couple of machine gunners in rather less than no time. By then the messenger he had sent off had returned with the Peacemaker and myself and the sergeant-major. We all kept as quiet as mice till we were able to make out the movement of the Boche patrol. We let them get fairly close—thirty or forty yards—and then let blaze at 'em, firing just as low as we could.

I suppose we gave 'em about four hundred rounds. We heard a bit of moaning after the Peacemaker gave the word to cease fire; and then, to our amazement, a Hun talking, apparently, to another Boche; telling him to come on, and calling him some kind of a bad hat. I tell you, it was queer

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to listen to. The Boche who was doing the talking appeared to have worked a good bit down to the left of the bunch we had fired at, and had evidently got into our wire. We could hear him floundering among the tin cans.

"Don't fire," said the Peacemaker. "We'll maybe get this chap alive." And, sure enough, the Boche began singing out to us, now asking, first of all, if we were Prussian, and then trying a few phrases in French, including a continuously repeated, "Je suis fatigue!"

Most extraordinary it was. The Peacemaker couldn't tell him we were Prussian, but he kept inviting the fellow to come in, and telling him we wouldn't hurt him. Finally, I took a man out and lugged the chap in out of the wire myself. He got tired of his floundering, and I don't wonder, for he was pretty badly cut about by it. He had no rifle; nothing but a dagger, and most deadly sick he was.

We led him off down the trench to the S. M.'s dug-out and gave him a drink of tea, and washed the wire cuts on his face and hands. He was a poor, starveling-looking kind of a chap; a bank clerk from Heidelberg, as it turned out afterwards, and a corporal. He told us he'd had nothing but rum, but we thought him under the influence of some drug; some more potent form of Dutch courage, such as the Huns use before leaving their trenches. Our M. O. told us afterwards he was very poorly nourished. We blindfolded him and took him down to Battalion Headquarters and from there he would be sent on to the brigade. We never knew if they got any useful information out of him; but he was the battalion's first prisoner. The other Boches we got that night were dead. Our burst of magazine gunfire had laid them out pretty thoroughly, nine of 'em; and a small patrol we kept out there wounded three or four more, who came much later, I suppose to look for their own wounded.

There's a creepy kind of excitement about patrol work which makes it fascinating. If there's any light at all, you never know who's drawing a bead on you. If there's no light you never know what you're going to bump into at the next step. It's very largely hands and knees work, and our

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chaps just revel in it. My first, as you know, landed me in the Boche trenches; and that's by no means a very uncommon thing, either, though it ought never to happen if you have a good luminous-faced compass and the sense to refer to it often enough. My second patrol was a bit more successful. I'll tell you about that next time. Meanwhile, I hope what I've said makes you feel you know roughly what patrol work is, though to be sure I feel I haven't given you the real thing the way Taffy could if he set out to write about it. He could write it almost better perhaps than he could do it. He is just a little too jerky and impulsive—too much strung up, rather—for patrol work. My thick-headed sort of plodding is all right on patrol; suits the men first-rate. I suppose it kind of checks the excitement and keeps it within bounds. But you mark my words, our fellows will get a Boche patrol before long, and when they do I'll wager they won't lose any of 'em.

We're going to play a team of B Company at football tomorrow afternoon, if the Boche doesn't happen to be running an artillery strafe. We play alongside the cemetery, and, for some unknown reason, the Boche gunners seem everlastingly ranging on it, as though they wanted to keep our dead from resting. We're all as fit and jolly as can be, especially your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter XI

My billet—or, rather, our billet, for all A Company officers are under one roof here—is in the church house, and there's a candle-stick three feet high in the bedroom I share with Taffy. There is no glass in the windows, and the roof at one end has had a shell through it, and so gets a bit swampy. Otherwise the place is all right. Our own batteries nearby shake it up a good deal at times, and the shell holes in the road outside show it has had some very narrow squeaks; but neither it nor the church have suffered very much, though they stand well up on a hill, less than half a mile from our support line of trenches, which the battalion

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billeted here mans in event of alarm—gas attack, you know, or anything of that sort. So while we're here we sleep fully equipped at night. But in our next week out, at the village farther back, we are more luxurious and undress of a night.

But I promised to tell you about that second patrol of mine. We were greatly interested in some kind of an erection we could see just behind the Boche front line on our left. All we could see was sand-bags; but, somehow, it looked too big and massive for a mere machine-gun emplacement, and we were all most anxious to find out what it could be. So the Peacemaker agreed that I should take a patrol that night and try and investigate. This was the first patrol we sent out as a company in the line on our own. My first was when we were in with another company for instruction, and they apparently had not noticed this sand-bag structure. At all events, they made no report to the Peacemaker about it.

The moon was not due to rise till about eleven that night, so I decided to go out at nine. The company sergeant major asked if he could come, so I arranged to take him and one platoon scout from each platoon. They had none of them been out as yet, and we wanted them to have practice. Getting out into No Man's Land marks a distinct epoch in a man's training for trench warfare, you know. If it happens that he has some considerable time in trenches without ever going over the parapet, he's apt to be jumpy when he does get out. I fancy that must be one reason why the Boches make such a poor show in the matter of individual effort of an aggressive sort. They are so trench-bound that their men seem no use out of trenches, except in massed formation.

Don't make any mistake about it, there is some excuse for a man being jumpy over the parapet when he has never had a chance of getting accustomed to it. That is why I think our O. C. is very wise in the way he tries to give all the men a turn at work over the parapet, wiring, patrolling, improving saps, and what not; because it is a pretty eerie business, until you get used to it. Behind our line you have graves and crosses, and comparatively friendly things of all kinds—rubbish, you know, and oddments discarded by fellow

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humans no longer ago than a matter of hours. But out in No Man's Land, of course, the dominant factor is the swift, death-dealing bullet, and the endless maze of barbed-wire entanglements which divides Boche from Britons and Frenchmen for so many hundreds of miles. There are plenty of dead things out there; still, barring the rats, when you get any movement in No Man's Land, you may reckon it is enemy movement—creeping men with bombs and daggers, who may have been stalking you or may not have seen you. But it wouldn't do to reckon much on anyone not having seen you, because if there's one place in the world in which every man's ears and eyes are apt to be jolly well open it is out there in the slimy darkness of No Man's Land.

You may very well chance to stick your hand in the upturned face of a far-gone corpse, as I did my first time out; but if you do, you mustn't shiver—far less grunt—because shivering may make your oilskin coat or something else rustle, and draw fire on you and your party. So a man needs to have his wits about him when he's over the parapet; and the cooler he keeps, and the more deliberate his movements, the better for all concerned. One needn't loaf, but, on the other hand, it is rather fatal to hurry, and quite fatal to flurry, especially when you are crawling among wire, with loose strands of it and "giant gooseberries" of the prickly stuff lying round in all directions on the ground to catch your hands and knees and hold you up. If you lose your head or do anything to attract attention there, your number is pretty well up. But, on the other hand, if you keep cool and steady, making no sound whatever, and lying perfectly flat and still while Boche flares are up, or their machine guns are trying to locate you, it is surprising how very difficult it is for the Hun to get you, and what an excellent chance you have of returning to your own line with a whole skin.

I had an exact compass bearing on the spot we wanted to investigate, taken from the sap on our left from which we were starting. The Peacemaker ran his own hands over the men of the party before we climbed out to make sure everyone had remembered to leave all papers and things of that

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sort behind. (One goes pretty well stripped for these jobs, to avoid anything useful falling perchance into Boche hands.) We each carried a couple of bombs, the men had knobkerries, and I had a revolver and dagger, to be on the safe side. But we were out for information, not scrapping.

It was beautifully dark, and, starting from a sap-head, clear of our own wire, we crossed the open very quickly, hardly so much as stooping, till we were close to the Boche wire, when a burst of machine gunfire from them sent us to ground. The companies on each flank in our line had been warned we were out. This is always done to prevent our own men being fired at. Such little fire as was coming from our line was high, and destined for the Boche support lines and communications; nothing to hurt us.

Now, when we began crawling through the Boche wire I made the sort of mistake one does make, until experience teaches. I occupied myself far too much with what was under my nose and too little with what lay ahead—and too little with my compass. To be sure, there is a good deal in the Boche wire which rather forces itself upon the attention of a man creeping through it on hands and knees. The gooseberries and loose strands are the devil. Still it is essential to keep an eye on the compass and to look well ahead as well as on the ground under one's nose, lest you overshoot your mark or drop off diagonally to one side or the other of it. I know a good deal better now. But one has no business to make even one mistake, if one is a Temporary Officer and Gentleman, because one's men have been taught to follow and trust one absolutely, and it is hardly ever just one's own safety that is at stake.

Suddenly I ran my face against the side of a giant gooseberry with peculiarly virulent prongs, and in that moment a bullet whizzed low over my head, and—here is the point—the bolt of the rifle from which that bullet came was pulled back and jammed home for the next shot—as it seemed, right in my ear. We all lay perfectly flat and still. I could feel the sergeant major's elbow just touching my left hip. Very slowly and quietly I raised my head enough to look round

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the side of that giant gooseberry, and instinct made me look over my right shoulder.

We were less than ten paces from the Boche parapet. The great, jagged black parados, like a mountain range on a theatre drop scene, hung right over my shoulder against a sky which seemed now to have a most deadly amount of light in it. I was lying almost in a line with it, instead of at right angles to it. Just then the sentry who had fired gave a little cough to clear his throat. It seemed he was actually with us. Then he fired again. I wondered if he had a bead on the back of my head. He was not directly opposite us, but a dozen paces or so along the line.

Now, by the queer, twisty feeling that went down my spine, when my eyes first lighted on that grim black line of parados, just over my shoulder, I guessed how my men might be feeling. "Little blame to them if they show some panic," I thought, and turned my face left, so as to look down at the sergeant major's over my left shoulder. He'd seen that towering parados against the sky and heard that sentry's cough and the jamming home of his rifle bolt. By twisting my head I brought my face close to the S. M.'s and could see that he fancied himself looking right into his own end. I had to think quick. I know that man's mind, like the palm of my hand, and I now know his splendid type: the English ex-N. C. O. of Marines, with later service in the Metropolitan Police—a magnificent blend. I also know the wonderful strength of his influence over the men, to whom he is experienced military professionalism, expertness incarnate. At present he felt we had come upon disaster.

"My Gawd, sir!" he breathed at me. "Why, we're on top of 'em!"

That was where I thought quick, and did a broad grin as I whispered to him: "Pretty good for a start—a damn fine place, sergeant-major. But we'll manage to get a bit nearer before we leave 'em, won't we?"

It worked like a charm, and I thanked God for the fine type he represents. It was as though his mind were all lighted up and I could see the thoughts at work there. "Oh,

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come; so it is all right after all. My officer is quite pleased. He knew all about it, and it is just what he wanted; so that's all right." Those were the thoughts. And from that moment the S. M. began to regard the whole thing as a rather creditable lark, though the pit of his stomach had felt queer, as well it might, for a moment. And the wonderful thing was—there must be something in telepathy, you know—that this change seemed to communicate itself almost instantly to the men—bless their simple souls!—crouched round about behind. I'd no time to think of the grimness of it after that. A kind of heat seemed to spread all over me from inside; and I had been cold. I think a mother must feel like that if danger threatens her kiddies. The thought in my mind was: "I've brought these fellows here in carelessness. I'll get 'em back with whole skins or I'll die at it."

I never had any "Hymn-of-Hate" feeling in my life, but I think I'd have torn half a dozen Boches in pieces with my hands before I'd have let 'em get at any of those chaps of mine that night.

Now I was free; I knew the men were all right. I whispered to the S. M., and very slowly and silently we began to back away from that grim parados. The sentry must have been half asleep, I fancy. My compass showed me we must be forty or fifty yards left of the point in the Boche line we wanted; so as soon as we were far enough back we worked slowly up right, and then a bit in again. And then we found all we'd hoped for. It was a regular redoubt the Boche was building, and he had nearly a hundred men at work, including the long string we saw carrying planks and posts. Some were just sitting round smoking. We could hear every word spoken, almost every breath. And we could see there were sixty or seventy men immediately round the redoubt.

That was good enough for me. My one idea now was to get my men safely back. I knew the Peacemaker had two machine guns trained precisely on the redoubt. All I wanted was to make sure their fire was a shade to the left, and every bullet would tell. We should be firing fairly into

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the brow of them, because the little cross communication trench we had watched them working in was no more than waist deep—just a short cut for convenience in night work only. We had 'em absolutely cold. The S. M. told me the men wanted to bomb 'em from where we were. But that was not my game.

With the compass bearing I had, getting back was simple. I saw the last man into our sap and found the O. C. waiting there for me. I'd no sooner given him my news than he was at the guns. We had twenty or thirty rifles leveled on the same mark, too, and, at the Peacemaker's signal, they all spoke at once. Gad, it was fine to see the fire spouting from the M. G.'s mouth, and to know how its thunder must be telling.

Four belts we gave 'em altogether, and then whipped the guns down into cover, just as the Boche machine guns began to answer from all along their line. It was a great "do," as the S. M. said. The men were wildly delighted. They had seen the target; lain and watched it, under orders not to make a sound. And now the pressure was off. As we listened, the Boche guns having ceased fire, we could plainly hear groaning and moaning opposite, and see the lights reflected on the Boche parados moving to and fro as their stretcher-bearers went about their work. A great "do" indeed. And so says your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter XII

You have asked me once or twice about billets, and I ought to have told you more about them before; only there seems such a lot to tell that when I do sit down to write I very seldom seem to get on to the particular story I mean to give you.

And that reminds me, I didn't mention the odd thing that happened the night we came out into billets this time. The Boche had broken out in a fresh place, and half a dozen shells came whistling over the village in quick suc-

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cession. One landed in the roadway, a yard and a half in front of the newly posted sentry. If it had been a sound shell it would have sent him West; but it proved a dud, and just dug itself a neat hole in the macadam and lay there like a little man, having first sent a spray of mud and a few bits of flint spurting over our sentry and rattling against his box.

Now that sentry happened to be our friend Tommy Dodd; and Tommy was just about tired out. He'd been on a wiring party over the parapet three parts of the night, and had taken his turn of sentry go in the other part; and all day long he had been digging and mud-scooping, like the little hero he is, to finish repairing an impassable bit of trench that master Boche had blown in the evening before, to make it safe before we handed over to the company relieving. He was literally caked in clay from head to foot—eyebrows, moustache, and all. He hadn't a dry stitch on him, and, of course, had not had his supper. It was an oversight that he should have been detailed for first sentry-go on our arrival in billets. I had noticed him marching up from the trenches; he could hardly drag one foot after another. What do you think the shell landing at his feet and showering mud on him extorted from Tommy Dodd? I was standing alongside at the time.

"'Ere, not so much of it, Mister Boche! You take it from me an' be a bit more careful like. Silly blighter! Wot-jer playin' at? Didn't you know I was on sentry? Chuckin' yer silly shells about like that! If yer ain't more careful you'll be soilin' me nice clean uniform nex', an' gettin' me paraded over for bein' dirty on sentry go!"

It's a pretty good spirit, isn't it? And I can assure you it runs right through; warranted fast colour; and as for standing the wash—well, Tommy Dodd had been up to his middle in muddy water most of the day. The Kaiser may have a pretty big military organization, but, believe me, Germany and Austria together don't contain anything strong enough to dull, let alone break, the spirit of the men of the New Army. The army is new enough; but the tradition and

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the spirit are from the same old bin. It is not altered; and there's nothing better in the world.

And I'm supposed to be telling you about billets!

Well, I told you before how we took over from another company; and the same holds good of how the other company takes over from us in the trenches; and when it's done our fellows file out down the long communication trench, by platoons, with a goodish interval between men, so as to minimize the effect of chance bullets and shells—every man carrying all his own mud-caked goods and chattels, and all in fine spirits at the prospects of a little change. Nothing Tommy welcomes so much as change, unless it's a chance at the Boche.

We cannot very well form up and march properly directly we get out of trenches at Ambulance Corner, because Fritz is so fond of directing his field gun practice there; so we rather struggle over the next quarter of a mile, by platoons, till we come to the little river. It is a jolly stream, with a regular mill-race of a current, and a nice clear, shallow reach close to the bridge, with clean grass alongside. We wade right in and wash boots. Everyone is wearing "boots, trench, gum, thigh," so just steps into the river and washes the mud off. Then back to the bank, off gum-boots, and on with the ordinary marching boots, which have been carried slung round the neck by their laces. The trench boots, clean and shiny now, are handed into store at Brigade Headquarters, ready for our next turn in, or for anyone else who wants 'em. In store, they are hung up to dry, for, though no wet from outside will ever leak into them (unless they're cut); yet, being water and air-tight, they get pretty wet inside after a week's turn in trenches, from condensation, and the moisture of one's own limbs which has no chance to evaporate. It's the same with the much-vaunted trench-coats, of course; a few hours' wear makes 'em pretty damp inside.

After handing over the boots, we form up properly for marching into the village. Our company quartermaster sergeant, with a N. C. O. from each platoon, has been on

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ahead a few hours before us, to take over billets from the Q. M. S. of the company that relieved us, and so each platoon has a guide to meet it, just as in taking over a line of trenches. Either in or close to every billet there are cellars marked up outside for so many men. These are our bolt-holes to which every man is instructed to run and take shelter the instant a bombardment begins. "Abri 50 hommes," or "Cellar for 30 men"; these are the legends you see daubed outside the cellars. And chalked on the gates of the house-yards all through the village you will see such lines as "30 Men, "A Coy"; or "2 Off's, 30 Men, B Coy"; and, perhaps, the initials of the regiment.

But when I mention billets you mustn't think of the style you billetted those four recruits last spring. By Jove, no! It is laid down that billets in France mean the provision of shelter from the elements. Sometimes it is complete shelter, and sometimes it isn't; but it is always the best the folks can give. In this village, for instance, there are hardly any inhabitants left at all. Ninety per cent of the houses are empty, and a good many, of course, have been pretty badly knocked about by shells. I have often laughed in remembering your careful anxiety about providing ash-trays and comfortable chairs for your recruits last year; and the trouble you took about cocoa last thing at night, and having the evening meal really hot, even though your lodgers' arrival might be a bit irregular. It is not quite like that behind the firing line.

In some places the men's billets are barns, granaries, sheds and stables, cow-houses, and the like. Here they are nearly all rooms in empty houses. As for their condition, that, like our cocoa of a night, and cooking generally, is our own affair. In our division, discipline is very strict about billets. They are carefully inspected once or twice during each turn out by the commanding officer and every day by the O. C. company and the platoon commanders. We have no brooms, brushes, or dusters except what we can make. But the billets have to be very carefully cleaned out twice a day, and there must be no dirt or crumbs or dust about when

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they are inspected. Even the mire of the yards outside has to be scraped and cleared away and kept clear; and any kind of destruction, like breaking down doors or anything of that sort, is a serious crime, to be dealt with very severely. The men thoroughly understand all this and the reason for it, and they leave every place cleaner and better than they find it.

In the same way, it has been carefully and strictly laid down that in their attitude towards the inhabitants of any place they reach, the men must be scrupulous. And, by Jove, they are! Wherever our troops may be you will find men in khaki helping the women with their washing, drawing water, feeding stock, bringing in cows, getting in wood, and all such matters; and if our fellows haven't much French, I can assure you they are chattering in some sort of a language most of the time; and if all this is incomprehensible to the good Frenchwomen, then why is it that the latter respond with so lively a chatter, and why are they always smiling and laughing—even when one sees in their eyes that which tells, more plainly than the mourning they wear, of sacrifices they have made in the service of France? Come to think of it, that sums up the attitude of all the Frenchwomen I have met, and of the old men, too; and it is an attitude which, while it certainly elicits sympathy, simply compels respect. They smile with their lips, too, and in the brave hearts of them they smile, even though they cannot altogether hide either the wearing anxiety of waiting, or, where bereavement has come, the grief of mourning for brave men lost.

In the first convenient archway handy to our billets you will find the company's field cooker. You have seen them trailing across the plain down Salisbury way on field days—the same old cookers. The rations come there each day from the battalion Q. M. store, three miles away; and there the men draw them in their cooked form at meal-time. In every village there is a canteen, where men buy stuff like chocolate, condensed milk, tinned cafe au lait, biscuits, cake, and so forth.

In the day-time, when there are no carrying fatigues, we have frequent inspections, and once the first day out of

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trenches is past every man's equipment has to be just so, and himself clean-shaven. During the week out we get all the sleep we can. There are football matches most afternoons and sing-songs in the early evenings. And every one of these things is subject to one other thing: strafe, which, according to its nature, may send us to our cellars, or to the manning of support trenches and bridge-head defences.

With regard to the officers, our batmen cook our grub, moderately well or atrociously badly, according to their capacity. But, gradually, they are all acquiring the soldierly faculty of knocking together a decent meal out of any rough elements of food there may be available. More often than not, we do quite well. Our days are pretty much filled up in looking after the men, and in the evenings, after supper, we have their letters to censor, our own to writ, if we are energetic enough, and a yarn and a smoke round whatever fire we are lucky enough to have before turning in; after which the Boche artillery is quite powerless to keep us awake. At this present moment I doubt if there's another soul in A Company besides myself who is up, except, of course, the sentry outside headquarters. And I shall be asleep now in about as long as it takes me to shign myself your " Temporary Gentleman."

IN MEMORIAM

H. Thompson Rich
Richard Hall—*Comes in Collegio*
(Killed in the American Ambulance Service in France)

Another hero has found noble death:
Not the low glory of a soldier's grave,
But loftier honor. With abated breath,
Say this—he lived to help and died to save.
He heard humanity's high call, and came;
Gladly he sacrificed himself for men.
Somewhere in Alsace, rent by The Red Shame,
His body moulders to its dust again.
Now heaven has claimed him, and his soul is free,
He needs no tears, no sorrowing of earth.
His is the anguish or the ecstasy;
He knows how much the sacrifice was worth.
He gave his youth, that stricken men might live,—
He gave his life, the best a man can give.

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SURCEASE

H. Thompson Rich

Why should I strive?
  There is that in me which must sing,
Or grief will conquer me. But who
Would dare to do
So wonderful a thing, and drive
  And rend and wring!

And who would tread
  His youth out in a yawning street,
Sick with a beggar horde!
And who would ford
The furious flood that boils ahead,—
  Who, who, with fairy feet!

Wherefore my toil?
  There are three billion souls to cower
And feed the furnaces of life!
The frenzied strife,
The greed that grips the anguished soil,
  The lust for power,

The faith that dies,
  The fame that blazes for a day
And blanches out in death,
The muffled breath
Of hates and loves that mix and rise
  These things seem far away—

As cities seem
  When mists surround them in the night
With sombre legions drab and grey,—
Far, far away:
Their myriad window-panes agleam
  With phantom light.

My task is through!
  And it has left me full of pain,—
I must find birds and flowers
And happy hours
And fields of gold and skies of blue,
  To make me glad again.

So seek me where
  Each tiniest living soul may sing,
And all the music of the breeze
Laughs through the trees:
The voice of song is in the air—
  And song is king!

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THE WOMAN'S HOUR

HARRIET BURTON LAIDLAW

IT is just fifty years since the edict "This is the Negro's hour" crashed down upon the heads of the devoted women who had worked unremittingly to erase the two words "white" and "male" from the constitution of these United States.

From the founding of the Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, women had brought their inspiration and their intrepid advocacy to this cause and had been reviled and persecuted side by side with the men. They had allied themselves with the Republican Party and given gallant, faithful and highly acceptable service to it.

The "ingratitude of princes" is not a consideration compared with the ingratitude of political parties to their voteless women co-workers. This has been instanced over and over. This treachery of fifty years ago in our country has been repeated many times in less salient instances. English women are famous for the remarkable political aid they have given. There is no English election but that a great volume of the "spade work" in the constituencies is done by women. The men have accepted it all complacently and said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." How generously they have added, "Enter ye into your reward" anyone familiar with the history of the suffrage struggle in England knows. Voting women have strong party convictions and have rendered their parties distinguished service, notwithstanding the fact that when a great moral or social issue is at stake, voting women are notably free from party control. This is certainly normal. But after taking counsel of the past it is strange that women eager for the vote can still be found who are willing to be a political Ladies' Aid Society. While the wives and mothers and women workers of a republic hold themselves so cheap; while they carry their tremendous responsibilities to their age and their country so lightly as to be willing to putter about as adjuncts and auxili-

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aries instead of working undeviatingly and with dignity for their place by the side of their men—while they so stultify themselves, they will never reach that stature of womanhood demanded for the development of a great, free race.

The history of women's deviations! But for them we would today be a nation of enfranchised women. Nevertheless, one reason why in the United States such great multitudes of women are found in the suffrage ranks, one reason why they are not to be diverted by the luring call of political interests, is because they have taken to heart the lesson which those women learned in bitterness fifty years ago. Practically all articulate, public spirited American women are for woman suffrage, and of those the great body of organized suffragists are simon-pure and sound in their freedom from political entanglements, in their non-partisanship, and in their singleminded, astute pursuit of Votes for Women. They have learned to be bold and resolute in invading all political territory and following every labyrinthian political trail that may bring them to a vantage ground. But the inexigency of putting the cart before the horse was humorously expressed at our recent convention during a discussion of the possibility of suffragists supporting their political friends. After listening to the argument of an advocate of the idea, a western delegate rose and said: "Madam Chairman, a point of information. How can a woman give political support when she has no visible means of support?"

Suffrage has grown in all states, in some the voting membership is hundreds of thousands. The Federation of Women's Clubs in National and State conventions has gone on record for woman suffrage. Innumerable organizations have done the same, i. e. The National Educational Association, The Eastern Star, The Foresters, The Lady Maccabees, The Grange, The Woman's Trade Union League, and other labor organizations. All church organizations have declared, when at all, in favor of suffrage. No organization of women except the numerically inconsiderable anti-suffrage body has gone on record against woman suffrage.

In this fall of 1916 a memorable convention has been

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held, when three thousand delegates, alternates, and guests of the National American Woman Suffrage Association assembled at Atlantic City. The opening speech of Mrs. Catt, the President of the great National Suffrage Organization, was a clarion call to service. With thrilling portent and with inspiring conviction she cried: "The woman's hour has struck!" Throughout the close, significant deliberations of the six days conference of the suffrage leaders from every state in the Union, the words reverberated: "This is the Woman's hour." As hundreds of delegates have gone back to hundreds of thousands of their suffrage constituents in every congressional and assembly district in this country, they have carried the word which has made hearts beat higher and more dauntlessly, which has fired brains with purpose and steadied hands for work: "This is the Woman's hour!" The whole suffrage movement is geared higher since the Atlantic City Convention.

The contrast between 1866 and 1916 is the more striking when we realize the status of Woman suffrage today,—first, politically; second, from the point of view of the suffrage organization itself; third, from the popular point of view.

Turn to the History of Woman Suffrage of half a century ago and note a heading: "All Political Parties Refuse to Endorse Woman Suffrage"; then see numerous contemporary publications which say: "All Political Parties Endorse Woman Suffrage." Read the accounts of the dignity with which women were received by the political parties this year, then consider how Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton sent a letter to the Republican National Convention of June, 1868, signed by prominent men and women, asking for a plank in their platform in the name of the women who had rendered the party such faithful service during the Civil War. They never received an answer. In July of the same year, they appeared before the Democrats in Tammany Hall. Their memorial was handed to the secretary, who read it "amid jeers and laughter" and that was the last they heard of it.

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This year every presidential candidate takes a stand for suffrage, even the two dominant party candidates making the question a part of their campaigns. President Wlison, in a statement to the Women's Club of Denver, makes a strong plea for the principle of suffrage and lauds its results. One President in the past history of suffrage has come before a suffrage convention and then his remarks were unfavorable and highly displeasing, but at Atlantic City, President Wilson came at the opening and stayed to the close of a session of the convention, and announced that he had come to "fight with us" and that victory would soon be ours. Both candidates express the thought that the Woman's hour has come. Mr. Hughes urges, moreover, that delay is highly disadvantageous, and advocates prompt action through the Federal Amendment. The majority of all candidates, both for State and Federal offices, favor Suffrage or the referendum of suffrage.

The popular demand for woman suffrage is shown in four eastern states, where, last fall, there were initial campaigns—preliminary skirmishes! While they did not win, they polled 1,234,470 votes. The demand of voters in New York State for suffrage, November, 1915, was greater than that for the Republican Party in the State Election of 1912, 553,348 men voting for suffrage, against 455,428 who voted the Republican ticket. To carry New York State we need to add only one-sixth more votes to those we already have polled.

There are many other political considerations that show that the suffrage of women is an asset. There has never been any visible opposition to the reform when women have once voted, and the number of women who exercise their right to vote is increasing. Congressman Mondell said in Congress January, 1915: "In general, the voting averages for all the states is 70 to 90 per cent of the women eligible to vote." In one-half the territory of the United States women vote. Moreover the voting power of the West is proportionally greater than the voting power of the East. In twelve eastern states 36,146,743 people and in twelve suffrage states

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13,328,060 people cast an equal number of votes in the United States Senate, and in ratifying Federal constitutional amendments, the powers of their legislatures are equal.

There are many other interesting political facts, calculated to stir the hearts of those practical politicians upon whose deaf ears have fallen many noble orations about the beneficence and justice of granting votes to women. To cite one. The voting strength of Chicago, the second largest city, is greater than that of New York City *because* Illinois women have the vote while New York women are still denied that right by their men.

Another consideration is that the growingly intensive political and legislative work that has been done by women has woven them into the political life of the country. Politicians and organization men have come face to face with the once unknown bugaboo of women in politics, and they have, sometimes reluctantly, generally enthusiastically, admitted that it was good to have them there. Everywhere in the political rank and file, it is being acknowledged that this is the woman's hour. Statesmen, reformers, and honest politicians rejoice in this condition of things. It is not unwholesome campaign work in suffrage states to play up to the woman's vote. The women, according to abundant testimony, are raising the level and giving the tone to politics. Let no one who dreads petticoat government, however, fear that men are going to be swamped. In the whole United States there are one hundred and ten men to every one hundred women. In New York State, if the women were enfranchised tomorrow, there would still be a quarter of a million more men than women in the electorate! The question arises, if women are so in the minority, why should we expect distinct accomplishment from them. The answer is suggested by a conversation which Dr. Anna Howard Shaw relates. When she was in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1895, she was the guest of Senator and Mrs. Cary. The Senator was giving a glowing account of the conditions in his state, and summed up with the assertion: "I attribute this almost entirely to the

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votes of the women." "These are inspiring facts," said Dr. Shaw, "but let us be just. There are three men in Wyoming to every woman, and no candidate for office could be elected unless the men voted for him too. Why then don't they deserve as much credit for his election as the women."

"Because," explained Senator Carey promptly, "women are politically an uncertain factor—they keep us guessing. When in the old days we went into the caucus we knew what resolutions put into our platforms would win the votes of the ranchmen, what would win the miners, what would win the men of different nationalities; but we did not know how to win the votes of women. . . . Then we learned our first big lesson—that whatever a candidate's other qualifications for office may be, he must first of all have a clean record. In old days, when we nominated a candidate we asked, 'Can he hold the saloon vote?' Now we ask, 'Can he hold the woman's vote?' Instead of bidding down to the saloon, we bid up to the home."

Aside from our political standing, evidence of the increased strength of our cause is to be found in the temper and mettle of our women, in our increased organization, our increased number, our increased campaign funds, our increased solidarity, our increased "co-ordination, discipline, obedience, and self-control." The temper of our women was voiced by Dr. Shaw, who, called upon at the close of the President's speech in the Atlantic City Convention, said in ringing tones: "Mr. President, we have waited long enough for the vote. The time is now. The majority of men and women are with us in this issue. The time is now and I, for one, want to have the crowning hour in your administration!" The President said, "I have felt the wholesome contagion of this hour." The atmosphere was electric with that dynamic force which runs in a mighty current through the suffrage movement.

And what is the animus that makes patriotic women willing to adopt the slogan "Suffrage First"? A few have lifted their voices in rebuke. A certain New York daily has remarked editorially in peevish tones that it seemed "almost

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an impertinence"—the phrase of fifty years ago was "most inopportune"—for suffragists to be pressing their agitation in times like these. The inference is that just in proportion as there are vital questions that concern the future of this great republic, that will control the future of our children and our children's children—in that proportion women should not raise their voices to warn or counsel, nor their hands to work—with power. Women are tired of reforming, patching, dealing ever with effects, powerless to form, to deal with causes. How can any question in a republic be as important as the question of whether it is to be settled by one-half the citizens or by all? The animus is, in the snap judgment of some carping anti-writers, the restlessness of modern women! Women are today less restless and restive and more animated and more wholesomely active than in the past. We have women who are victims of commercialized vice, we have drudges exploited in the labor market and dolls supported in the home, but the condition of women today at large is more normal than ever before. Women are less "restless" and discontented than of old. From the ancient women of the sagas with their runes and wails, to the cast aside neglected women of the feudal days with their drees and curses; from the ancient one with her anathema to the witch with her evil eye, all harpies, shrews, hags, and bel-dames suggest an unrest and a bitterness not compatible with the idea that in "good old times" before women tried to get "out of their spheres" everything was one grand, sweet song. An anti-writer has spoken of women of our grandmother's days who were content with the place to which "God and Nature had assigned them." A State Senator in an eloquent outburst in the Senate last winter defined woman's place as that to which she has been assigned by "Nature and the *consent* of man"! Now I have portraits of my four great-grandmothers and several portraits of my eight great-greats. They are placid, contented looking ladies. One has a particularly quietistic face, puritan in its prim lace cap. I used to be interested to inquire into their ages—"And how old was this dear old grandmother?" I

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asked. I remember wondering at the answer,—"Thirty-six." Was she never restless? I don't see how we are going to know. Those New England grave-yards claimed Samantha, beloved wife of Josiah, Sara, wife of Josiah, and, thirdly, Ann, wife of Josiah, at ages ranging from twenties to early thirties. How do we know they were not restless even if they were inarticulate?

It has been a long stalwart stride from the "business of being a woman" to being a "business woman." Perhaps that, more than anything else, has put the salt of sanity into the relations between men and women. Race training is strong, and all these great grandparents atavistically intrude their point of view even in the most rational modern surroundings. Nevertheless there has been bred a generation of women who, as comrades and co-workers with men, have ceased to trade upon their sex, who ask for no concessions, but compete, brain for brain, efficiency for efficiency; and there are men who can mate completely with one woman and then meet other women on the highways and fields of life in broad-gauged co-operation and companionship. "Conduct is three-fourths of life," as Matthew Arnold said, but there are species of our race who strut through their little span as if they thought sex were three-fourths or more. Restlessness comes from lack of equilibrium, and women are rapidly finding theirs. We were told the other evening at Atlantic City by the President: "It is a very superficial and ignorant viewpoint which says this movement is due to social unrest. It is not because women are discontented, but because they have seen visions of duty." It is not only *visions* of duty, but stern face-to-face realizations of duty that have animated us to do this next thing, than which no other service is as timely. From Briareus to Joan of Arc the most valiant have armed themselves before going to battle. The pioneer mother, pale but dauntless, behind the stockade, awaited the fierce beast and the fiercer savage, gun in hand. In last analysis, the one most effective weapon for the modern woman is the ballot.

Sometime since, a call came for 20,000 recruits for our

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United States army and 30,000 responded. Out of these, only 5,000 of our young men were found physically fit. Is this "Woman's Business"? Whether we are to mobilize an army for military defense or to mobilize an army for industrial development and progress, we must have units whole and sound for citizenship and the demands of citizenship. That, quite as much as the commercial enterprise and expansion for which our splendid American men are responsible, is big business in this Republic. In carrying out the enterprises that have developed in this country, class after class of men have realized that they needed the ballot. Now that women are face to face, under modern conditions, with their great enterprise of raising a generation that can cope with things, they are demanding the ballot. Our Government is laying more and more hold on vital matters which are woman's business, which are the common human business of men and women, and ours is a representative form of government. Representatives are, and ought to be, sensitive to the interests and needs of their constituents. Women want to be constituents. That is about all there is to it.

President Taft, during his last campaign, in addressing a great theatre rally of women voters in California, said in asking for their votes, "I have not been unmindful of your interests. I established the children's bureau. I appointed Miss Julia Lathrop an expert on the needs and conditions of children," etc. That sounded good to the women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but it is not on record that the candidate made any such speech in his eastern campaign. Eastern women, don't you wish you were constituents? All the presidential candidates this fall are working for the votes of voting women. There are more such votes than there were four years ago, therefore the sentiments of candidates on the suffrage question are more expansive than they were four years ago. As we noted above, it is pretty clean politics, playing up to the home vote! It is a far cry from the naïve outburst of a member of congress three years ago, who barked indignantly during a debate on a measure of social amelioration: "What's the United States Congress to do with women and

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children!" What indeed! They were not his constituency. There is an aroused, conscious, co-operative, citizen motherhood in the length and breadth of this land which will no longer palter, which is no longer in a mood to wait, even "a little while," however watchfully! Yes, suffragists are, to use the slogan of the Woman Suffrage Party, adopted seven years ago: "Organized to win." At Atlantic City, they came from every state to reaffirm their organization faith. After decades of struggle, patient, persistent, valiant, the suffragists of the United States have arrived at a vantage point; and in proportion as their outlook is broader, their sense of responsibility is greater and their consecration deeper. Most of our women are completely steadied by the very weight of responsibility and they are ready to keep the middle of the road. I believe that the rank and file of the suffragists in this great delegated body at Atlantic City came together in no spirit of militancy, even though they were in such fine fighting trim! They came with a greater sense of the necessity for *finesse* than ever before, feeling that the time has arrived to select fine tools and to select them adroitly rather than to drag out battering rams. We of the National American Woman Suffrage Association believe in being politically astute, rather than politically belligerent. We are mobilizing for a campaign rather than dashing out for a mad foray. On one side we mean to continue converting the majority of the voters in the United States to believe in this great reform of the franchise, and on the other hand we mean to hold every representative of the voter responsible in his attitude toward this greatest of American questions. We know that we must utilize all our national advantages and press forward for suffrage through the Federal approach; at the same time we know that we must keep all our state organizations built up to a higher and higher point of efficiency, and we know that in the state work there will now and again be burning points of interest. Such a point is the New York State campaign. Thoroughly as I believe in a national amendment, I am no less a loyal member of the National organization in that my mind and thought at present,

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as a New York State woman, is turned upon the New York State campaign.

It is said that "money talks." Certainly many have been talking about that $820,000 raised in thirty minutes at the National Convention. The antis have spoken of the "fat suffrage purse" as an evidence that a few rich women are willing to pay for what they want, but what a drop in the bucket is this fund compared with the enormous sums used by those who have chosen the same field in which the lady antis are working to preserve the home. These great sums of these real antis don't talk, they skulk in dark places. But let the suffrage money talk and talk loud, every penny of it even as it accounts always for itself in a suffrage campaign to the Secretary of State in compliance with the law. It will tell you that after three or four gifts of over a thousand, after a few thousand dollar gifts and many in the hundreds, these offerings come in innumerable mites. Let suffrage money talk but translate its language until you hear the voices of hundreds of thousands of cramped, careful housewives and underpaid working women who are working all for one, one for all, for their enfranchisement!

This is a crucial time in our suffrage progress. Our political status is increasingly stronger, our own organization continues to strengthen. And as to the evidences of the growth of our cause in popular esteem, they are innumerable. We have enlisted women whose capacity for social service is distinguished and honored by the public. Our organization in the State of New York, for instance, in assembly and election districts, has brought us into a speaking acquaintance with the rank and file of the electorate and his wife. We have campaigned in districts where our banners and our literature were printed in six different languages. The public has learned first hand that suffragists work in an absolutely disinterested way. They have seen us fraternizing with these same voters and their wives, in their country, of every color, class, creed, and race. The most absolute democracy in the world is to be found in our city organization meetings, where women from every district come together—the woman in

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evening dress taking time from her social engagement to come to the executive meeting, comparing notes with the woman with a shawl over her head, the tenement house mother, snatching time from her exacting duties.

Our publicity work has made us good friends with the masses of our American public. Everything that fire, imagination, and high purpose could evolve, everything that could be suggested from the point of view of the picturesque or the impressive, the bizarre, the humorous, and the unheard of, has found its place in our great, many-colored program of public demonstrations. The voter has simply had to stop and listen; and tact, good humor, gaiety, and intense earnestness, combined, have caught and held his attention and redeemed him from indifference and scoffing to the realization that the women of this state have been terribly in earnest, that with positively evangelical fervor they have sought his soul to reclaim him from the injustice of a half democracy.

Gradually the facts of how generously women have made good in the suffrage states have been disseminated. The local and the metropolitan press have been great mediums of education in this respect, not to mention our own massive distribution of varieties of literature by the millions. Other nations have expressed appreciation of the magnificent service of women in the world struggle by extending complete enfranchisement to them. This appreciation has found an echo in the hearts of our American men. Other nations will follow the recent examples of great provinces of Canada, of Denmark, and of Sweden. J. L. Garvin, an English authority, has just written: "Many of us believed, that as wars could only be waged by men, full citizenship should remain on a male basis. Twelve months of the struggle proved the argument untenable. . . . The thinking at home was as essential as that at headquarters. The factory line was as indispensable as the firing line. It was our women who saved us by the utterly unexpected extent of their resources in every sort of energy and aptitude. . . . Our women threw themselves into national work. Their quickness and their patience were equally remarkable. They learned in a few weeks mu-

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nition processes which had been supposed to require years of training. Everywhere the women increased the output. Apart from war work, they have replaced men in all sorts of civil pursuits. . . . While supporting the war they are keeping the ordinary trade and commerce of the country at a high level, as well as grappling with the housekeeping problems which lie behind it all. They have saved us so signally by their full moral and practical co-operation with men that the political clock has gone forward and it is impossible to put it back. They have proved their right to full equality of citizenship and they will get it. In no single way have they fallen short by comparison; they have been as staunch and uncomplaining as men. When their sons, husbands, brothers have been struck down, they have borne it with heroic courage. When the light has gone out of their lives, they have worked on."

All of which reminds us of Alice Duer Miller's remarks in her Tribune Column of July 23rd: "We believe the antis are doomed to suffer many disappointments, but none seem to be more bitter than the discovery of the nobility of women!"

Men are realizing that they have handed themselves the greatest gold brick of the ages when they set up a graven image of their own, in place of a live human woman, a man's mate. They are beginning to realize that the voting woman is the best mother. The home is more significant to her because she is a citizen training citizens for the mighty future that lies before us.

Politicians have seen the light, women have seen the light. Through organization and persistent effort, the voter must be brought to see the light. For whether suffrage comes through state referendum or through the passage of the federal amendment by our state legislatures, back to the voter we must go. A man said the other day, "The people must decide." No, dear sir, only when we have votes for women can we use the whole-souled expression "back to the people"—for women *are* people.

And the Woman's Hour *has* struck!

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AN EPISODE

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

I missed her Monday morning from her long accustomed place.
The girl who always waited on me, in the gloves, is gone.
She was a plain, spare creature, with a quaint and friendly face,
And I was feeling foolishly forlorn.

I'd never realized that I depended on her so,—
A little safety station in my winter's hectic speed.
In giddy places, suddenly, I'd call my car and go
To buy a pair of gloves I didn't need.

She always glowed a welcome, for her counter was her house.
I liked my chilly fingers in the warming grasp of hers:
She seemed so brisk and vital in her ugly cotton blouse,
I shivered in the snugness of my furs.

The way she spent and spent herself (and I that hoard and hide!)
Made clear that all her selling would be giving if it could,
And now my comfortable old maid, a fellow salesman sighed,
"Is married, and has gone away for good!"

I must have stared a little; she had seemed a spinster born;
For, lest I think that destiny dealt blindly with its joys,
Another pertly added with a smile of pink young scorn—
"Married a lame man with two little boys!"

To leave her placid tread-mill for a thousand teasing cares!
I closed my glove-girl episode and went upon my way,
(For what indeed had she to do with my remote affairs?)
She followed and filled up my empty day.

I could not lose the visioning, no matter where I went:
Her sales are done; she gives and gives, in toilful, rapt delight . . .
With little feasts, and fairy-tales, and patches, and content,
And ginger-bread, and tuckings-in at night!

That warm and thankful weariness of hand and head and heart;
The tired peace of evening and the morning's gallant zest,—
The Martha's cumbered portion which is still the better part;
The glad and seeking service which is rest.

Behind a blurring window-pane some daffodils looked out
And blew a blast of golden notes that pierced me through and through,
Until I knew with certainty, serene and done with doubt,
The beautiful, mad thing that I must do!

I sent away the limousine and stood upon my feet,
For now my own lean leisure seemed a mean and meagre thing:
There was a gleam in puddles, and the January street
Was of a sudden whimsical with spring.

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COMPLETE CHANGE IN MODERN WARFARE

By a British Army Expert

WHERE armies are immense and the territories within which they must operate comparatively restricted, a complete system of trench warfare, such as we are now witnessing, becomes in the nature of things extremely probable if not indeed inevitable. This being so, *it is obvious that a striking modification in old methods of warfare becomes unavoidable.* The form that this modification must adopt where a trench system is continuous has been proved by the present war. It may be interesting in dealing with the changes involved to consider to what extent they depend on the continuance of trench warfare, pure and simple.

Artillery Displaces Musketry

The changes referred to may be summarized very briefly. They may be grouped under four heads.

1. Musketry no longer plays the part it did in warfare. Sniping by picked shots has assumed a greater importance, but for the rank and file the rifle is only of its former value when an assault has to be met, and in this case the range is so short that nerve and coolness are more necessary than skilled marksmanship.

2. Artillery has become paramount.

3. The science of bombing and mining has sprung from obscurity into the greatest prominence.

4. For the use of cavalry there is so little opportunity that the most practical policy is to turn it temporarily into infantry.

Artillery almost certainly will dominate the situation, whatever the form of fighting, to a greater degree than in any previous war, not only *because invention has made it possible to throw shells of greater weight and power* but because it has been found practicable to increase the volume of fire from the smaller pieces to an unexpected extent. *Advance across any considerable stretch of open country must henceforward be almost impossible against* what has become known as "a hurricane" of artillery fire. Both in control of direction and intensity, gunnery has so advanced that on the one hand defence is disproportionately strengthened by the possession of powerful artillery and, on *the other, assault is almost impossible without artillery superiority.* The conclusion, then, is obvious, that *whether trench warfare is permanent or temporary, the dominance of artillery will continue.*

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As for cavalry, its value in the partially open warfare that may possibly be forthcoming *need hardly be considered.*

So much for the mechanical effect of invention on the character of modern warfare. The moral effect, if any, of altered conditions remains to be considered.

Big Guns and Discipline

Discipline may fairly be described as the backbone of military organization. It is the first essential of success. But discipline itself varies from the discipline of extreme coercion to the discipline of habit. *The discipline of coercion* was the logical outcome of the desire to create a military machine theoretically and scientifically perfect for such wars as have previously been experienced in Europe. Its rule *is the rule of fear;* its forms of compulsion are the harshest that are practicable. *It regards the common soldier as something for mechanical use rather than as a human being. Whether he is willing or unwilling, brave or a coward, is immaterial; he is to be compelled to valor by system. This creates an officer class which is encouraged by the ruthless exercise of punishment,* against even the slightest infringement of its own dignity, *to impress the rank and file with a sense of the relentless power that is over them and to reduce it to servility by fear.* The power of authority created by this fierce severity is of undoubted value in battle. *Cowardice is largely mastered by the greater fear of disobedience.* But to clinch the matter, *mass-formation is adopted for attack, and the unwilling, hemmed in on all sides, can do nothing less than the willing. This is the discipline of coercion in its extreme form.* It has its advantages but quite clearly *it effectually discourages all individual and independent action.*

What has been termed *the discipline of habit is far different,* but rather in essence than in theory. Here again *the soldier is made to feel the power of authority,* but of an authority less mechanical and more human. *He obeys from the habit of obedience rather than from fear.* Gradually it is impressed upon him that *everyone,* man or officer, must equally *obey his superior in rank,* till the belief in that necessity becomes second nature to him. *He feels that in one respect only is the man above him certainly and necessarily his superior,* viz., *in his right to claim absolute obedience where military duties are concerned. Apart from this, the superior has no greater rights and few greater privileges, and when off parade, though the distinctions of rank are recognized* and maintained, *there is more of an equality and almost a friendly relation between officers and men. While campaigning, the officer shares equally in the hardships of his men and claims as an honor more than his share of peril. Under this system,* at any rate in its ideal form, *men have for their officers a respect, and often a devotion, which are*

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in no way related to fear. Its chief practical advantages are that *troops may be trusted to advance under fire in single extended lines;* that, feeling less the spur of compulsion, the men act more humanly and are less consciously cog-wheels in a machine; and that *the independence of action, which we call initiative, is made possible in some degree for all ranks.*

Let the following facts be remembered. (1) *The intensity of modern artillery fire makes mass-formations uneconomic.* (2) *The great spaces covered, the immense numbers engaged,* and the vast scope of operations, besides other considerations applicable particularly to trench warfare, *largely deprive the higher command of tactical control* when an attack has been once organized and launched. Instances have frequently occurred in the present war of a trench taken by the enemy being cleared and retaken by the prompt and independent action of a mere handful of bombers. *The fighter,* then, *whose action is not entirely dependent* on the coercive system, or in certain circumstances even on the receipt of *definite orders,* is *clearly worth more under modern conditions* than *the man who has been trained to regard himself as so essentially part of a machine that* he has come to rely wholly on that machine for motive power, and in whom habitual fear of consequences naturally creates fear of independent action.

Methods of Training

The four essential points in training for modern warfare are: (1) a high standard of discipline; (2) efficiency in musketry; (3) trench-digging (especially at night); (4) training in physical endurance.

The British soldier is kept under firm discipline by appeals to reason and common sense: but in his training there is a desire to encourage individual intelligence. German military discipline is so rigorous that it turns the German soldier into a mere automaton, who can only work shoulder to shoulder with his comrades; and when he gets separated from them he grows bewildered, and becomes liable to panic.

Musketry Training

By musketry instruction, we mean the training in the use of the rifle, with the object of developing the self-reliance and individuality of the soldier to the highest possible point of skill and precision.

The tactics which a commander will employ against the enemy with whom his strategy has brought him into contact, largely depend on the skill and training of the fire units which are at his disposition. But, however skilfully these units are handled, his first object is to obtain superiority of fire, and it is then that the methods employed in the preliminary training of his men are proved to have been correct or otherwise. Fire superiority is the decisive thing in war. It is there-

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fore necessary that every leader should see that the fire of his unit is used to the best possible advantage. To make this possible, "fire control" and "fire discipline" must have been incessantly practised during the period of preliminary training.

A correct course in musketry instruction should have the following stages: the soldier must learn the parts of his rifle; he must learn how to clean and take care of his rifle, to preserve its accuracy and life; he must learn how to press the trigger properly, without deflecting the correct aim; he must learn how to aim correctly, mastering the use of the sights; he must learn how to fire correctly, either standing, lying, kneeling or sitting, how to load correctly, how to unload correctly; how to exercise and strengthen the muscles that come into play when handling the rifle; how to judge distance, and how to practise judging it for correct sighting; after the above-described elementary training has been gone through there must be a series of tests to discover whether the soldier can be passed as efficient or not; he must have instruction and practice in visual observation; he must have practice with miniature ammunition on a miniature rifle-range; he must practise firing the full charge with an ordinary rifle on a specially constructed 30 yards' range; he must practise firing with the full charge at ranges of 100 to 1,000 yards; he must be instructed and practised in fire direction, fire control, and fire discipline.*

Unless a soldier takes care of his rifle, it may fail him in his hour of need. In the British army every man is taught to know his own rifle thoroughly, for no two weapons shoot exactly the same. One will shoot perhaps a little higher; another, a little lower at the same range. Every man is taken individually by a non-commissioned officer for practice in trigger-pressing, and every means is tried to ensure that he shall be able to release the trigger without pulling and deflecting the aim. Infinite pains are undergone with each man to see that he aims correctly, that he understands the use of sights, and adjusts them exactly. He is also shown how to aim at an object in motion, and how to make allowances for wind and weather. He is shown how to stand correctly, so that the weight of his body is evenly distributed on both feet, and practised till he is perfect. He is instructed in the methods of loading and unloading so as to secure safety, both for himself and for his comrades. He is taught how to lie correctly, so as to insure steadiness of aim, and to avoid unnecessary movements. All this is practised till the man carries out the instructions automatically.

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* EDITORIAL NOTE: *These comments by one of the most expert field officers in the world should dispose forever of the foolish notion of "a million citizen soldiers springing to arms over night."*

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To ensure the success of the assault, assuming that all the preliminary requirements have been carried out, the line must start simultaneously on a given signal. The front line must be equipped with hand-grenades and cutting tools to complete the destruction of the obstacles. It may also be necessary, or at least advisable, to carry means for crossing the obstacle residue, where it has not been possible to complete its destruction, such as planks, or light foot-bridges. To carry these is essential where trenches have to be crossed. The first line in places may be entirely destroyed: it must, therefore, be followed up at a short interval by a second line similarly equipped. A third line must follow to nullify the effect of any immediate counter attack, and to push on and occupy the enemy's second line, if possible, which will probably be safer from counter attacks by shell fire. Bombing squads must be attached to each assaulting line. Directly the trench is entered, they must be told off to three separate duties—bombing occupied dug-outs, extending the lodgment on either flank, working down communication trenches. Necessary equipment and stores must be carried.

Where there are portions of the same trench still occupied by the enemy it is essential that they should be turned out at once. This may be rapidly done by an expert team of bombers and bayonet men. The team advance along the trench until stopped by coming into contact with the enemy. The position of the enemy is located and bombs are then thrown over the heads of the bayonet men, and the next traverse, into that portion of the trench occupied by the enemy, probably round a second traverse. The moment the bombs have exploded the bayonet men rush in and dispose of the enemy. This process repeated two or three times will generally result in a complete rout of the occupants or else their surrender.

German Failure Against French Tactics

Verdun has shown with what complete assurance we can rely on checkmating the most carefully prepared attacks. The Germans attacked with sixteen and a half battalions and one pioneer company. The use of gas had been intended, but as the wind during several days was unfavorable and, we may suspect, because of the recent failure of enemy gas attacks, the cylinders were removed two days before the assault. For a fortnight previously the French front and the country in rear were heavily bombarded. On the day of the attack, the intensive bombardment of the trenches to be assaulted was continued without break for no less a period than eight hours. According to an order, found subsequently on a captured officer, the attack was to have

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been preceded by an artillery preparation four and a half hours in length, with two breaks of ten minutes, one after the bombardment had lasted one and a half hours and the other after three and a half hours. These arrangements were modified when it was decided not to use gas, and the artillery preparation actually continued without interruption from 8.30 a. m. till 4.30 p. m. (*i.e.*, till nearly dusk). During this bombardment, the French front line trenches had virtually been evacuated. The attack was made at 4.30 p. m. by five battalions, three more being kept in immediate reserve. The formation for the attack was line of battalions, three companies of each being in the front line and one in support. The assault was made by companies in successive waves. During the bombardment the companies which were to assault were in the first-line trenches, the supporting companies in the second-line trenches. In the actual assault, the first wave was headed by several pioneers, a few paces in front, each carrying four or five grenades. Their duty was to cut the wire and clear a passage for the infantry. The wire had, as a matter of fact, been completely destroyed by the artillery bombardment and the trenches were almost filled in. Machine guns were carried forward to the new position as soon as the last wave had attacked. The guns were distributed in pairs among the companies which occupied the flanks or salients. The result of the attack was that the evacuated French front line was occupied.

On the following day, a second assault extended the lodgment to the south. This attack, made to complete the gains of the previous day, was carried out by three fresh battalions. After the attack, confused grenade fighting took place in the trenches in which elements of these battalions had set foot, and these trenches were re-captured little by little during the following four days. During this period and for ten days subsequently, intense bombardment by the French artillery effectually prevented the enemy from consolidating his new positions, and local grenade fighting was continuous. On the sixteenth day after the original assault the French, by a well-organized attack, *retook the whole of the lost ground including a small German salient to the south.* It should be noted that the Germans attacked what were virtually empty trenches and that the French retook full trenches. In one case exact figures were obtained from the papers of a company, the whole of which was either killed or captured.

Man Power in the Present War

In many respects Germany, well prepared and thoroughly organized, foresaw the future better than those who are now her enemies. In the first place, she foresaw the war and was ready for it, though a curious lack of foresight prevented her from perceiving that the circumstances which would bring it about must drive England into the

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alliance against her. In the next place, *she alone amongst the combatants foresaw the immense influence which heavy artillery would have on modern operations.* Her early successes, therefore, were as well assured as anything problematical can be. But surprises were to follow quickly, and her unexpected check in France was followed by what may safely be described as the chief surprise of the war. *The two opposing armies in the West, with their flanks protected by the sea and neutral mountains, dug themselves in, facing each other, and there they have remained for more than eighteen months without appreciable movement.*

There is the war in the West in a nutshell, as it outwardly appears, and the war in the East of Europe has led after varying vicissitudes to a very similar position. Yet in reality much more than this has happened, and to arrive at a true conception of the present situation *it is necessary to consider more closely the effect of these shackles forged for modern warfare by modern conditions.* Before doing so, it may not be out of place to express surprise that, after the lessons of the Russo-Japanese war, neither side should have foreseen what now seems to us to have been inevitable from the first. With armies of such colossal size, operating in territories comparatively so restricted, it appears very obvious that what has happened was always very much the most likely thing to happen. But wisdom after the event is worthless, and it is more profitable to examine things as they are with a view to the future.

We start, then, with armies, their flanks completely protected, so strongly entrenched that neither side seems able to pierce the opposing line, or even to possess any likelihood of doing so until it shall achieve a preponderance of men and munitions greater than has yet been seen in this war unless, perhaps, in the West in its opening stages, or in Eastern Europe during a few months of last year. *The result is that the normal fighting,* apart from the incessant work of artillery and trench howitzers, *has become almost entirely a matter of bombing and mining.* Trifling advances are made by the blowing of mines and the occupation of their craters, and by local attacks on trenches, which are taken, cleared, defended, and often retaken by the enemy, all largely by the use of hand grenades, but at the end of it nothing of military significance has occurred *except in the relative losses of the two combatants. The losses incurred are great and absolutely continuous,* since the artillery work on both sides is tremendous and raids on local attacks are frequent, yet *no gain is made that possesses more than a slight tactical and purely local importance.* To vary this monotony of small but expensive aggression, each side indulges at intervals in attacks on a more ambitious scale. To take any sector of several miles, a carefully concealed and very large concentration of

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troops and guns must be effected. With each side served by great numbers of aeroplanes *the concealment of troops in movement is far more difficult than in any previous war, and the necessity for a heavy preliminary bombardment of the sector to be attacked still further complicates the problem.* Yet these difficulties have been overcome and *great assaults* successfully organized. Hitherto, they *have resulted in immense loss to both sides with no appreciable strategic advantage to either.* Whether the line is advanced or withdrawn a few miles here or there is hardly of military significance, but beyond all doubt the relative losses incurred matter exceedingly. If two armies, thus entrenched, are equal in numbers, and lose continuously at an equal rate, there must come a time when neither has enough men to hold the necessary length of front. The only alternative is if one army sooner than the other should fail to possess the requisite numbers. Apply either alternative to the present deadlock and a decision must be forced.

It is not too much to say that, the position being as stated, *the war must beyond all reasonable doubt be won by the side with the larger ultimate reserves of men and resources.* This statement can be modified in only one way. If either side is causing wastage to the other greatly in excess of its own wastage, though its present reserves may be less it may yet have the larger balance to its credit in the future. This naturally leads us to ask if there is any evidence that either side is losing disproportionately. Official casualty lists, even where they are issued, cannot be taken as a sure guide, but much study of these has been made by neutral experts. Their conclusions vary but do not suggest any marked disproportion in the losses of the two combatants. *Let us suppose, for the moment, that the losses are approximately equal and that they will continue to be so. If this is the case the ultimate issue of the war can hardly be in doubt,* for, unquestionably, the reserves of men in the Allied Countries heavily outweigh the reserves of men possessed by the Central Powers, while the wealth of the Allies and their control of the seas secure for them an abiding and increasing advantage in resources. *But are the losses equal?* And is future wastage likely to balance on the two sides of the account? If unequal, on which side is the excess? Surely we have only to look at what we know of the character of the fighting and certain facts are clear. *Nobody can deny that the Germans have waged this war with great vigor, but it is equally undeniable that this vigor has expressed itself in a prodigal disregard of losses.* While they still possessed unquestioned superiority in men and munitions, they gained advantages in Eastern Europe, but at an excessive cost of life. *They have spent their capital in men, and still spend it, with a gambler's courage;* but this expenditure was meant to be the price of a success much greater than they have been able to buy. That this has been so is a hard fact written al-

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ready by history, and that it was bound to be so was foretold by German military theories. *All military text books worship the offensive, but in no country has the offensive been put on a pedestal, as a veritable idol, so much as in Germany.* If in addition to this we remember that *Germany has remained wedded to her theory of the necessity of massed formations for attack, and has for the most part carried out that theory to the letter, we are forced to an inevitable conclusion, viz., that whatever the war, or whatever the character of the fighting, she must either win outright by the purchase of complete success at heavy cost, or fail outright owing to the ruin caused by an uneconomic expenditure.* It is hardly to be wondered at, then, that among the nations opposed to Germany the opinions of all military critics should not only coincide but be held by them with such deep conviction. They amount to this. *If the war is waged to its bitter end, the ultimate defeat of the German alliance, owing to the mere fact of wastage, is as certain as any problem of Euclid.*

The Fights in the Air

The German despatches make much of the "victories" of the falling of British machines in German territory; but we have more right to boast these things than they, since they are the proof of our airmen's daring, of the constant flights made beyond the enemy lines. We are so prone to talk loudly about our own weaknesses, and there was, only a few months ago, such an outcry about the "invincible Fokkers" that it will probably surprise many if they will take the trouble to search through the records and make a count of wins and losses in the air. Here is the tally for one recent month: Of 76 machines brought down there were 48 German and 28 ours. Eleven of the 48 German were accounted for by British flying men and amongst these were several of the so-called "invincible" Fokkers. Altogether the despatches prove to the careful reader that, despite the British outcries that the British have never lost the real supremacy of the air on the Western front, the supremacy that counts, the military supremacy that has constantly allowed British raids of important railroads, aerodromes, supply points and depots deep within the enemy territory to patrol the enemy lines, "spotting" for the artillery, reconnoitering and observing troop and transport movements. The despatches show losses of machines and men certainly, but not of supremacy; and latterly, in the losses of machines, even despite the many more flights and more risky flights the British undertake, the balance has come to be in the Allies' favor.

Night Raids

The despatches for months past have made frequent mention of a phase of trench warfare in which the British have become particu-

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larly active and peculiarly successful, a phase which has almost escaped attention because the despatches as usual refer to it only in the briefest of military language. Here is a typical extract: "Last night south-east of Armentieres a small party of our troops seized a portion of the German front line and inflicted several casualties. After fulfilling their mission the party withdrew." That in slightly different wording is the description you may read so often of a new fashion in trench fighting, of systematic little night raids and rushes on trench and out-post. The "mission" of the raiding party is not to capture or hold any portion of the raided trench; it is merely to inflict a maximum of local damage with a minimum of loss. The raiders creep out in the darkness across the neutral ground, rush the wire, shoot down the sentries and, before the startled sleepers can properly waken, leap down into the trench, shooting and stabbing its occupants, hurling bombs down into the crowded dug-outs, dynamiting or destroying machine guns or trench mortars. Then, before the adjacent trenches can muster any adequate force or organize any counter attack, the raiders scramble out and run back to their own lines, sometimes hustling a few prisoners with them, sometimes dragging a captured machine gun, always bearing back in triumph a collection of "souvenirs"—German helmets and rifles, bayonets and bandoliers and water bottles and odds and ends of equipment. Now and again the despatches grow discursive and mention the number of dug-outs blown in, the prisoners taken, the machine guns destroyed; but usually they confine themselves to the bare mention of "last night a raid was successfully carried out" or "a party temporarily occupied a portion of enemy trench."

Mining Activity

There is yet another side of trench warfare on the British front which is most inadequately described by the official despatches, and which for months past has been pushed with a vigor and determination faintly reflected in the communiques. A reference to "considerable mining activity" on this, that or the next portion of front is summarizing in a score of words the toil of weeks or months; the bare statement that "we successfully exploded a mine" might be expanded into many newspaper columns describing the dangerous and trying labor of the engineers, the destruction wrought upon some portion of a trench, or strong point of the enemy lines, the killing and wounding of many men. There is, too, usually a good deal more behind such a brief message than a mere blowing up of a portion of the enemy defences. If from any vantage point in our lines one could witness a mine explosion it would be seen as a close-packed drama of action. The swift development of a methodical killing match follows close on the deep boom of the explosion, the upspringing cloud of thick, black,

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choking smoke and dust that hangs sullenly and disperses reluctantly over the destruction zone. Always there are scores upon scores of guns, waiting loaded and laid with mathematical precision upon the marked-down spot. The springing of the mine is the signal to the waiting artillery and instantly a rain of shrapnel, a storm of high explosives begins to beat down upon and around the area shattered by the bursting mine. The infantry in the adjacent trenches are also waiting, lined along their parapets with machine gun and rifle and grenade, and the hail of their fire pours and patters upon the wrecked trenches, sweeps the neighboring area, cuts down alike the flying survivors of the destroyed trench and the supports, who are pushed up to hold or defend the newly formed mine-crater. Often the explosion is followed within a few minutes by the rush of our infantry, the seizing of the crater, a bitterly fought defence with rifle and bomb and bayonet of the newly acquired ground.

The Verdun Fight

The Germans succeeded in massing for the attack men and guns—especially guns—far in excess of what the French had anticipated or indeed thought possible. An assault of enormous strength and incredible fury was launched after an artillery preparation which the Germans might well and reasonably have anticipated would paralyze, break down, and smash through the most stubborn defence. *The first days saw wave after wave, column after column, mass after mass of troops hurled with furious and desperate determination against the outer lines, saw deluge after deluge of light and heavy shells poured on the forts and trenches. The first lines gave and the defence was forced to withdraw a step.* But it did not give without a struggle so fiercely maintained that *it gained what was more precious than ground, more precious than guns, more precious even than lives—it gained time.* Trench after trench might fall between the taking of one and the taking of another, fresh troops were pouring in for the defence of the next line, more guns were hurrying into position, more shells were being rushed up to combat the German fire, to devastate the new assaulting masses. *The Germans undoubtedly pinned their hope on overwhelming the defence by that first devastating artillery preparation, those first torrents of assaulting infantry. The French, to their undying glory, withstood that first attack, gave ground slightly, it is true, but never to a sufficient extent to jeopardize the final success of their defence. But they must have been hard pressed, must have felt when those first lines went, when Douamont was a raging cauldron of bursting shells, with the flames of infantry assault licking closer and closer, that for the moment affairs looked black; must at least have known that it was a matter of life and death to bring more men and*

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guns to maintain the defence. But to bring these from the nearest available sectors might have been dangerously weakening those sectors, might indeed have been playing some game upon which the Germans had exactly calculated, might have left vulnerable some other point that had been weakened to strengthen Verdun. *The difficulty was solved rapidly and effectively by the British taking over the Souchy-Carency-Arras line and leaving the French forces from there to fling their weight into the Verdun battle.*

The names starred along this new sector are names which are already historical. Bare mention of the labyrinth recalls the ferocious fighting which took place there a year ago, when the French bombed and bayonetted their way yard by yard and step by step through the maze of trenches, dug-outs, and redoubts which made the place apparently impregnable. Here and at Souchy and Notre Dame de Lorette has occurred some of the most determined, the most costly in lives, the fiercest fighting that the war has seen. *The bombardment of Arras means more loss to us than the bombardment of Ypres.* But *our troops on the Arras sector have found there another Ypres, another ruin of rent stone and scattered brick, tumbled heaps of masonry and tottering fragments of wall, shell pocked and cratered roads, a City of Death, only second, if indeed second, in color and destruction to Ypres itself. The battered wreck of Arras is a grim monument to French valor, a monument the defence of which they may well be sure they have handed over to a keeping as safe as their own.*

Step after step and stride by stride the British line has extended since the beginning of the war. Its growing has been a symbol of the new power to which as a military nation we have grown, slowly perhaps by the reckoning of the impatient ones, but steadily and latterly with increasing speed. Now where once our line was measured in miles it is measured in scores of miles; now where once even our small share was held only by the desperate valor of a dangerously weak, thin line, we hold it firmly and indisputably with constant relays of fresh troops, with the backing of a huge reserve.

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RAW LAND

KATE SMITH

Continued from Last Month

PART III

AUGUST 28—Every stone today seems to wear a lizard. Big ones, little ones, gray ones, nearly black ones, fat ones, slim ones, ones wearing a Queen Anne ruff of their coming-off skins,—they sprawl in the sun, all of a sudden to dart in short, quick runs after a meal that has flown or crawled into sight. Two six-inch dark ones have been doing a double stunt on my hammock post, an exercise very like one the girls do on gymnasium mats. Facing each other, flat and at length, they began rhythmically to straighten their forearms and lift up their thoraxes, up, down, up, down, while I waited. All to no purpose that I could discover, for presently they stopped and darted away. Life as they take it seems filled with serenity that shows in their placid faces. The family beauty is, strangely enough, and not like the girls in the gymnasium, the really shy one. Three times only have I seen her. Once, by the path, I caught a glimpse of a slim twist of bluest sky blue that flashed out of sight. I poked about, but saw it no more, and thought it a tiny snake with the swiftness of lightning. Later, though, under a stone I uncovered another. This time I saw that it was a gray and tan lizard with a long slim tail of beautiful blue. I gave it a panic by uncovering it as fast as it found shelter, until I saw it quite thoroughly. It is uncommonly swift and lithe and long and lovely.

There is talk of a car-line extension. The few tenants of the valley are beginning to wag their heads and put high values on their acres, which, with most of us, is all we do put. Surveyors have sticks with little white rags fluttering in many places. I am doubtful, however, whether anything will come of it this decade, as they tell me there is perennial talk

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of this sort that so far has come to nothing. I shall not be sorry either, as the remoteness of the place, in spite of its accessibility, is one chief reason why so few have come out to live and transform it.

August 30—I must return to town. I am needed. I can't bear to give up this freedom and the close holy communion with outdoors, even though I have reminded myself constantly that this can be only a place of rest and refreshment. I wanted at least to stay through the winter, but it can't very well be. For several reasons I shall take up my work again next week. I am happy, too, for teaching has become to be an office full of fine possibilities,—the finest. I love young people with their bright-eyed look on life. My wish is to serve them and by so doing help them to service.

End of August—A season of suspense, a time of waverings. Heat lines dance above the hot sands. Rain seldom comes till late September, then not a satisfying downpour, only a heavy promissory shower or two. So this is the season of suspense, of waiting for that which will stir again to activity and new life. Animation is at a discount, flowers have disappeared,—all but the hardy yellows, the light bright ones on high gray stems that wave and wave in the heat ripples. The sturdy tomato patch is green and growing and intent on production.

Tomorrow I go away from it all. Turning the key is hard. In a few days, however, I shall come back, I promise myself, and even after school begins I hope to run here for occasional Saturdays.

September 4—The happiness of coming back to the valley! I slipped away this afternoon after several days of making ready for the hundreds who come to us in another week with hope in their eyes and love of life in their hearts, to open up my tiny house, and find everything neat and welcoming. The thousand glad voices of the night are singing their never-finished song, the air comes softly in at the window. It is good to be here. I can hardly wait for daylight to show me the lovely world, and also the tomato patch. Sleep is the quickest means, so to bed I go at once.

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November 16—My house of cards is fallen! Such a pitiful forlorn wreck as it is. Two days ago the neighbor boy telephoned, "The roof is blown clean off." The next mail brought a letter from the baby's father, telling of the catastrophe and that he had taken care of my possessions as well as he could, had covered the perishable ones with a piece of canvas and a rubber camping blanket I had there. Also asked me to stay all night with them if I came out.

As early as possible on Friday I came by car and stage. Though only a little after six, day was quite gone when I reached the eucalyptus grove. The moon in its first quarter was swept clean and wonderfully bright by wispish winds that were dancing and flinging themselves all about the valley. So great a change within the week seemed hardly possible. A broken twisted wreck it looks, my once snug brown house. The walls stand, but they lean drunkenly out of plumb. The neighbors had put braces against the doors and windows which served the double purpose of keeping them shut and holding up the rest of the house—all but one window with a broken pane. It flapped with disconsolate noises as the winds flirted mischievously against it and away. To the north of the house, quite unbroken, with its inner side to the sky, rested one half of the roof. The three sections were not even torn apart. The wind had sailed it as gently to the earth as ever an airship sails from the sky. Back of the house in the garden lay one section of the other half, one corner splintered where it had struck too soon, and to the south lay the other two sections still joined together and with but few breaks.

I took down a brace, pushed open the door, and stepped in. Piled in an indiscriminate heap in the center of the floor, chairs, dishes, cooking utensils, clothes, tables, covered by the canvas—my bath room—all deep, deep in dust. The moonlight filtered sharp and bright through the thin ceiling that still was up, streamed through the windows and the unceiled kitchen. The rafters stuck by one end at awkward angles that were doubled by their black shadows. As I stood surveying ruefully my ruin, the wind stopped in, snatched a

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handful of dust, threw it in my eyes, and then whirled off, laughing shrilly about the corners to think about the trick it had played me. I groped to see where things might be. It was strange, dirty, desolate. I sat on a corner of the sofa that struck from under the canvas and wondered whether it would entirely fall about my ears if I slept within it. I walked outside and pushed hard at all angles to test it. Awry, but firm. I came in and tried to take down the part of the ceiling over the bed. Firm, too. I pulled down another section that was half falling, twisted a rafter or two so they could not brain me as I slept, and opened the bed. It groaned a protest but stood right enough on its legs, so I shook off the dust and crept in. The moonlight was so brilliant that for a time it kept me awake. I lay and listened to the mischievous plotting winds. They whispered and muttered together round about outside, crept through the thousand openings to flap loose edges, and then scurry off, hiding themselves in cloudlets of dust. A creaking threat awakened me. The little shack seemed shivering in anticipation of a new attack. Outside the winds were whistling a shrill call to their mountain brothers. As I wondered whether to lie still, the big ones answered. Pell-mell they rushed down till they dashed headlong against the remnant of a house. The thin walls groaned but resisted. A rafter twisted loose and fell with a crash. A broken window pane went to the ground in numberless noisy pieces. The big winds and the little winds wrenched and tore and shrilled and shrieked. I feared that presently I should lie flattened out like the knave of spades with the house of cards all upon me. I dressed enough and stepped out into a lovely world of still white splendor. I walked about under the sky, spying to see where the winds had hidden. Sometimes a tree bent suddenly or a sage stalk waved and I knew they lurked near. I sat upon the step. The winds blew back my coat and chilled me, crept under my collar and made me uncomfortable and forlorn.

Two cotton tails frisked out into the open to play like kittens. All suddenly taking fright at nothing, they fled to the brush, their tails, snowy white, marking their long leaps

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to cover. Had I, like the silly rabbits, taken fright at nothing? I went back to bed, and in spite of the winds at their pranks, slept warm and well between awakening noises till a rosy gold sky announced the day.

The bright sun was pitiless in pointing out the ruin. It looked hopeless. Only one thing was certain. I must pack together in a better way my chattels. Kind neighbor came over and offered a corner of his barn for storage. He looked keenly at what yet stood, but offered no suggestions, only the loan of his barn. Linens, books, and bedding are now snugged away, chairs and non-perishable goods huddle under the rain-proof blankets. My well-stocked kitchen cupboard is nailed shut as are the doors and windows. The props still are engaged. I don't know what to do. I shall spend tonight with the neighbors and decide tomorrow. The day was all too short for the many things that were to be done.

November 17—The tomato field. Brilliant and beautiful it lies under the crisp November sky. A thousand tomatoes seem spread upon the ground. And the thrifty weedy stalks. They suffered. Twisted and beaten against the ground, their branches broken, leaves dry and dusty, fruit more than half fallen, they too look sorry that something happened. I shall turn the water through them to see whether they will gratefully revive. Meanwhile, I have a large and a small market basket of assorted beauties to take home. It weighs a ton. My arms will surely grow an inch each before I manage to get them to mother. But it must be done.

I have run about the country-side till I found a carpenter, for I decided to set my once cosy house of cards together again. He came over to see and decide, followed by a new wife all in pale pink, even to a fluttering length of pink chiffon about a hand-pinked face. They are not young at all, but she is palpably enjoying the role of bride. Why not? It is a new part, her first starring in a romance. He thinks more nails and a few braces will roof me securely. He will do it tomorrow. They bought two dish pans full of tomatoes. I almost committed an error. I almost forget to sell

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the fruit of my season's toil. Just as I was about to say, "Help yourselves to as many as you wish," it occurred to me that here were customers. So with every discomfort to myself—I felt inhospitable and grasping—but every seeming from them that it was fair and more than right, I extracted fifty cents for any amount they chose to take.

So far but little rain has fallen. The signs of green that were showing are disappearing for want of more rain.

November 30—Fallen again. Those chuckling winds meant mischief. The carpenter man crawled about and put in seven dollars worth of nails and time. I made a flying trip out to see, approve, and pay. He told me—what I already knew—that the material was very thin and dry, but that he had put so many nails into it that it could hardly blow off again. Little he knew about it. Today it lies scattered in six sections and six directions, two sections fully three hundred feet away in the high brush, one leaning disconsolately on a garden post, another one hundred feet out toward the road, and the other two in fragments. The house is twisted all out of shape. Workmen who are laying a water main have rifled my cupboard. Tools and other things easy to walk away with have been taken. The place looks as though it had been deserted for years. I am discouraged this time and have packed everything as securely as possible so they can be left till I can once more decide what to do.

The water main goes to the threatened town. A new pumping plant and well are at work and show plenty of water, which assures the town. Sad, sad is the good fortune of finding water in quantities to us sentimentalists, for lack of water has been the only reason why the valley was left in forgotten loveliness of sage and chapparal.

Tomatoes spoil upon the ground. Again I am bearing home so many that I can carry but one basket at a time to the stage corner and then go back for the other. It will be dark when I reach town, so no one may see my folly and mother may again smile over the beauty of my farm-stuff.

December 6—A flying trip out for another basket of tomatoes. I have cut them off most carefully, leaving a short

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star-ringed stem on each. They are to be matched in size, packed in small baskets the shape of common market baskets, and sent to the far east as Christmas offerings to snowed-up friends. Just the thought again makes the farm a profitable one. How many kinds and times of profit it has yielded so far.

Poor little dirty forlorn wreck of a house. It has rained hard and the wetness is warping the ceiling and has rusted the stove.

December 22—More and more tomatoes for Christmas gifts. All my friends are receiving extra select Christmas colored tomatoes, the result of my summer's fancy work.

January—The heavy frost that has brought smudge-pots to Southern California has finished off my tomato venture. The field lies all shriveled and black, with one or two tomatoes that linger alone, frost-bitten and fading. The morning after the heavy freeze, my neighbor opened the spigots, but it was too late. The pipe lying on the surface all the way is burst in a dozen places. It is still very cold by night, though the sun glitters bright by day. The gray-green sage leaves are flushed with pink, bright green has begun to creep over the folds of the high places since the rains.

I stood in the center of my dead field and ran over in mind the course of my tomato venture. Had it paid? In a thousand ways. In money? This is my accounting:

To plowing	$5.00
To irrigation hose	10.00
To tomato plants, 1,000	2.00
To tomato seeds	.70
To express and cartage	.50
	$19.10
By first crop, 23 lbs. at 5c	$1.15
By second crop 75 lbs. at 31½c	2.62
By two dishpansful	.50
	$4.27

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By Christmas quantities, value not estimated.
By numerous outdoor goods, value not yet determined.
Balance to date, not possible of reckoning.

As I walked slowly to my house, I looked over and beyond it to the green-blue hills, back to the eucalyptus trees and their background of gray-blue mountains, up and down the wilderness in the valley of color. Shall I try to sell off the fragments of my house of cards? Shall I build a newer, stronger house? Shall I once more try to set this one together? Shall I leave the valley altogether—no, not that—yet—at least not till civilization comes. But it is beginning to stretch hands up this way. This is the last time I shall be able to come here for some weeks, as I go away for a time, and so I had a slight attack of homesickness in spite of my fallen castle.

May—Such acres and acres of sad orange groves. We traveled home by the southern route, which comes for miles through the orange belt. Never has Southern California looked so dead and bleak. The January freeze left a black imprint everywhere. It was of interest to notice the different methods of salvage adopted by the growers. Few, if any, had ever experienced loss by frost before, so there were none to say with authority what should be done with the groves. Consequently one man has pruned away the outer branches, and has cut back to the bud, while the very next man is leaving the frozen wood on to see how far the sap will rise before he trims. The ground is brilliant with the frozen fruit in all stages of decay, for none of the responsible shippers would hazard the future marketing of their oranges by sending away any doubtful fruit, but preferred to let them spoil instead. The lemon groves in Verdugo Canyon between this valley and the car-line were badly frozen. One beautiful grove of fifteen-year-old trees looks dead but for a few sprouts that are coming out like pale green suckers on random branches. The one thrifty grove in this valley two miles from here on a bench of the mountain has been taken out and replaced with apple and walnut trees.

And all of these first builders and planters are as gone

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as are the Indians who roamed long before them, and the wilderness has closed in after them and has almost obliterated them. One wonders why they left. That is probably why,—the wilderness. Only the occasional person can be fairly immersed by it and stay in it. Even he usually looks forward to the day when it will be replaced by neatly laid-out gardens. Civilization was too long reaching out its long ugly arms, so they passed. Change is in the air now. Present owners, especially those whose places are unkempt, scent it, look wise, and go on placing higher values on their acres. The car line is the gage that serves to measure values to them.

End of September—My roof is on, crookedly on, badly on, but on, securely on, on so that it is proof against rain and wind. When I came out to resume possession I had a mighty clean-up. Out of doors went everything and in at the window came the hose. I splashed the floors and windows thoroughly and flooded and scrubbed. It smells clean and looks pretty well,—only pretty well. The ceiling is sadly, sadly warped, and to make it worse, the carpenter man nailed one section fast on the bias. It is stoutly done too, which in this particular instance is a doubtful virtue, as it would have staid in place without nails and I could have straightened it. As it is I tried it, but could not budge it without fear of tearing loose boards on the front of the house to which it is nailed.

I dumped a family of field rats that sat in their nest all covered over with cotton, unceremoniously, nest and all, into a tub of water, in which they at once swam to the edge, jumped out and ran off.

Knives, forks, and kitchen utensils were very rusted so that sapolio and I worked together for some hours to restore them. Nothing is so ruinous to a house as not to be lived in. Nearly everything shows signs of beginning disintegration, actual falling apart. But the rug is again on the floor, the zerape on the couch, and the house takes on a cozy look.

October 3—There was never a wild creature more persistent or more fearless than these field rats. When I come suddenly into their landscape they sit very still and watch me

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with their black bead eyes. Unless I make a motion toward them they hardly move, but if I do they go very swiftly and noiselessly only a short distance, then stop and watch me again. They are soundless little things except for a peculiar alarm signal they make when disturbed. I heard it often as I was in pursuit of a pair today and wondered how they made it. One Mister Rat presently enlightened me by climbing upon a square tin tea box, and as he twitched his whiskers at me, he also reached one little paw forward, and by a flexible wrist movement with toes outspread, scraped it back and forth across the edge of the can, which looked entirely right for the sound I had heard. They are dirty little wretches and so make unpleasant house-mates. Last night they had a busy session. They racketed back and forth across the ceiling, raced across me in my bed, hurried noisily about among the dishes, and were otherwise much of a nuisance. This morning I gave chase. They refused to vacate, would not go a step out of the opened door, but bunched themselves in soft silence in the corners, hoping to elude me, and by so doing compelled me to violence. I threw them out to the yellow-jackets that came almost as they touched the ground to gorge nosily. Once more then I washed away all signs of their presence—though I dare not hope I am rid of them yet.

October 5---More rats and more rats. The supply seems endless. They run up under the sides of the house at night and in under the roof. They have cut up my dish cloths, my hammock, my napkins and table cloths, to make nest after nest. Every morning must I first kill and then clean. I have spent two whole days climbing up and down step-ladders with a mouth full of nails and hands full of tools covering the openings that should have been fixed when the roof was put on. Poor old house. Each day it lists a different direction. Yesterday the kitchen door would not open, today I must use a hammer to close the front one. The weight of my walking about seems to make it lurch. No sooner is one door readjusted or sawed off short enough than the other needs attention again. What with rats and doors I

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am on the verge of deserting. Only I know I shall not.

October 10—I climbed high upon the hillside today and looked out upon the valley. Over near Montrose and its suburb, Oakdale, there was a constant rat-tat, rat-tat, rat-tat, of hammers. I counted nineteen unpainted houses, while I looked down on a whole flock of unsightly little places, the new upstart efforts that follow in the wake of the trolley and cluster about its terminus. Civilization is here to stay and is coming very close.

I descended very slowly and sadly. Slowly to feast upon the undulating purple brown stretches of uncleared land that rise and fall away in great sweeps from mountain base to hill. Sadly, to know that the steady oncoming of the car and the shacks will destroy it from the earth. But the mountains with their mystery and changes, the colored lights that make the valley brilliant and always a joy to the seeing eye, and the purple-green hills, scarred though they are, will remain. And always they will delight and inspire.

DE PROFUNDIS

H. Thompson Rich

What can it mean, this grim refrain
Of stars and space and stars again?
  Oh, can there be a One
So great beyond all earthly sense of great
That myriad worlds are governed by His fate,
  By His wide hand begun,
And made to spin a while about—
And made to gutter and go out?

Beside these things I am so small,
Surely I cannot count at all
  In His vast starry schemes;
He has so many marvellous things to do,
He has no time to stop and listen to
  My mighty little dreams,—
He cannot even see my face
Among His infinite populace.

But no! Eternal God can hear,
And He can see, and He is near:
  Alpha, Omega, ALL. . . .
Eternal Force, unheard, unseen, but felt
By every star that reels around its belt;
  Far planets rise and fall
Governed within them cosmically—
And He is they and they are He!

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IN A TROLLEY-CAR

H. Thompson Rich

I *saw* Democracy today:
A laborer, begrimed with clay,
Stepped aboard a trolley-car,
Humble, meek, yet no less czar
Than earth's most exalted are.
He looked about him for a seat;
He longed to rest his heavy feet.
But every seat was taken, while
Men and women filled the aisle.
Pausing, he reached and caught a strap,
Pushed down his dirty working cap
A little tighter, closed his eyes,
And sighed as only a tired man sighs.
In front of him a lady sat;
He noted her expensive hat,
Her tailored gown, her stylish shoes—
And wondered just how few months' dues
The Union would forego if he
Were to buy the same for his wife, Marie.
Suddenly she raised her head,
Saw the look in his eyes of lead,
Saw the weariness, saw the dread,
The lines of care on his kindly face . . .
And rose and offered him her place:
"Ah, no!" He blushed, ashamed. "No be!
Missus too much nice for me!"
He turned away, but she clutched his arm,
And eyes met eyes that were moist and warm:
"Really, I mean it! Please, *for me!*"
Smiling upon him wondrously,
She forced him down where she had sat.
Half dazed, he lifted off his hat:
"God thank you, Lady!" With his whole
Big heart he said it, with his soul.
And she went home with a heart so light,
I think she must have sung all night.

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THE PACIFIC MAIL

WALLACE BENEDICT

NO arm of our commercial service is receiving more attion today than our merchant marine. We have suddenly ceased to be a provincial people, and our vast industrial body is bestirring itself and looking across the seas in search of markets. Our increasing intelligence in naval affairs has taught us the supreme importance of a competent mercantile marine, ready for quick transformation into a fleet auxiliary to the ships of the line. Although much is being written about our past supremacy upon the seas, about the decadence of our mercantile marine, and at this moment especially about its return to vigor, the mass of rapidly accumulating literature would be incomplete without at least a short historical sketch of the Pacific Mail, the oldest American steamship line, the one old hickory that has been able to withstand the storms, both land and sea, since the annexation of Oregon Territory.

It was in a period of restless ambition something like the present that William H. Aspinwall and his associates, mostly New York merchants, undertook the almost foolhardy venture of sending thousand-ton wooden sidewheelers around the Horn to engage in the carriage of freight, mail, and passengers along four thousand miles of coast practically uncharted and with a population almost as sparse as Labrador's today. The American Government had laid claim to the region known as Oregon as far north as 54° 40′. President Polk had gone into office on the slogan "Fifty-four forty, or fight," and the Administration, which compromised with Great Britain and took the territory only as far North as the 49th degree, prudently decided to turn its energies into a rapid opening up of the territory.

Better communication with our new possessions was imperative, so the government held forth the promise of a subsidy of $200,000 a year for the carriage of the mails by steam-

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ship from Panama to Oregon, touching at San Francisco. Up to that time only one or two steamships had ever been seen on the West coast of the continent, and the fate of the first steamship that attempted to establish the trade is worth recounting in the words of an old historian.

"The first steamer on the Pacific Coast was a small craft called the 'Felicia,' commanded and owned by a Spainard named Mitrovitch, but his career and that of his vessel was a short and melancholy one. In a fit of despair at his want of success, he fired his pistol into a barrel of gunpowder, blowing up his vessel in the harbor of Guayaquil and destroying himself and all on board except one man. This lamentable occurrence retarded the introduction of steam on the Pacific Coast."

That the history of the Pacific Mail might not have been much longer than that of the "Felicia" but for the discovery of gold in California is more than likely. Gold was discovered, however, and it is characteristic of the Pacific Mail that gold or its equivalent has invariably been discovered whenever the existence of the company has been threatened. That is why America has today one steamship company with a continuous history almost as long as that of the Cunard, the oldest of them all, and a record of carrying the flag into foreign ports for sixty-eight consecutive years unhalted by any of the great events that have made history in the meantime.

Of the formidable obstacles to be overcome at the start, Rear Admiral Preble's account in his "History of Steam Navigation" is the most interesting.

"This company was compelled at the outset to form an establishment of the most effective character four or five thousand miles away from home, and it was at that time thirteen thousand miles distant. The country was wholly new, so much so that it was in most parts of the field which it had to occupy, extremely difficult to procure ordinary food for their operations. Their ships had to make a voyage more than half of that around the world before they arrived at their points of service, and they found themselves without a home when there. The steamer 'California,' 1086 tons, which left

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New York on the 6th of October, 1848, was the first of the line to bear the American flag to the Pacific Ocean, and the first to salute with a new life the solitudes of that rich and untrodden territory. She was soon followed by the 'Panama,' 1088 tons, and the 'Oregon,' 1099 tons.

"These steamers found nothing ready to receive them in the Pacific. The company was compelled to construct large workshops and foundries for their repair, and now have at Benicia a large and excellent establishment where they can easily construct a marine engine. They had also to build their own dry dock. They had also to make shore establishments at Panama, San Francisco and Astoria, which, with coal depots, etc., were extremely costly, owing to materials having to be transported so far, and labor at the time being so high owing to the rush to the gold-diggings. For a portion of the time the company had to pay thirty dollars a ton for coal, and in one instance fifty dollars."

It is a fact that the first voyages out were, as far as Panama anyhow, almost negligible as revenue producers, for the ships had to leave New York, laden with spare parts and duplicate pieces for the machinery, and with great quantities of supplies and building materials for establishing a base on the Pacific.

Luck was with the line from the start, however, for only a few days after the departure of the "California" on her trip around the Horn news reached the East of the discovery of gold. President Polk in his annual message of 1848 inadvertently did the new company an inestimable service, acting unconsciously as its publicity agent. "It was known," he writes, "that mines of the precious metals existed to a considerable extent in California at the time of its acquisition. Recent discoveries render it possible that these mines are more extensive and valuable than was anticipated. The accounts of the abundance of gold in that territory are of such an extraordinary character as would scarcely command belief were they not corroborated by the authentic reports of officers in the public service, who have visited the mineral districts and derived the facts which they detail from personal observation. . . .

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Labor commands an exorbitant price and all other pursuits but that of searching for the precious metal are abandoned."

Everyone knows the rush of gold-seekers that followed the announcement. The magnitude of the move is not so surprising as is the speed with which it got under way. By the time the "California" had made her way round the Horn and back up the West Coast to Panama, there were hundreds of gold-seekers waiting for her. They had left New York, Baltimore, and all the other ports of the Atlantic and the Gulf on whatever kind of craft they could press into service, had hastened to the Isthmus and trekked it across to the Pacific side in time to catch the steamer. There were so many there waiting when the "California" arrived that she could not take much more than a tenth of them, although she took on men and their mining kits until she was laden down to the danger point. Tickets for the voyage up the coast had been purchased by those who could get them at the New York office of the steamship company. These tickets acquired such a speculative value that they began to change hands rapidly during the wait at Panama, the price going up day by day as the crowd increased, until upon the day of departure for San Francisco they commanded a fabulous premium. Those who were left behind were unwilling to wait for the next steamer which was not due for two months, so many of them set forth in such sailing vessels as passed that way. One party actually undertook the 3,500-mile journey along the desert coast in native canoes and were never heard of after their departure.

Years of prosperity for the company set in. Freight rates higher even than those of today were the rule, except when some audacious rival appeared upon the Pacific. There were periods of fiercest competition, but the Pacific Mail organization was too strong to brook rivalry, and it was not until the seventies that any competitor succeeded in doing material damage. Even the doughty Commodore Vanderbilt made two attempts before he decided that the Atlantic seaboard offered the best field for his energies. There is, however, an item in the annual report of 1861 which indicates that the grand old man of transportation was a harder com-

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petitor to vanquish than the others. It reads as follows: "The payment to Mr. C. Vanderbilt of the final instalments due him under the arrangement made a year since, for the purchase of his steamers and good-will on the Pacific, $105,050.67."

On the Atlantic side the competition was more persistent. One form it frequently took was that of races between New York and Aspinwall—as Colon was called in those days—races as exciting as any the "Robert E. Lee" ever had on the Mississippi. Commodore Vanderbilt had three fast ships, the "Northern Light," the "North Star" and the "Ariel," that were wont to demand the best speed they could develop of the steamers of the United States Mail, the Pacific Mail's Atlantic fleet at that time. John H. Morrison, in his History of American Steam Navigation, tells us that "in December, 1859, there was a very spirited race between the 'North Star' and the 'Atlantic' from New York to Aspinwall. The latter had the advantage from New York Harbor all the way down the coast to the east end of the Island of Cuba, where the 'North Star' formed a closer acquaintance with her competitor, and from there to Aspinwall the vessels were not out of one another's sight. They were driven with all the power of their engines to the end of the contest, but the 'North Star' arrived at Aspinwall fifteen minutes before the 'Atlantic.' Time from New York, seven days, three hours and twenty minutes."

These speed contests, though a costly and dangerous form of diversion, were probably the means of saving the company from some tremendous losses later on. During the Civil War the one prize coveted above all others by the Confederate commerce destroyers was a "California Liner." In those days the Pacific Mail was transporting a hundred million dollars a year in gold, and any one of its ships north bound, from the Isthmus to New York, was likely to have on board as much as five million dollars' worth of the metal. It was these very shipments of gold that preserved the credit of the nation and naturally the capture of one of them would have been not only a feat of arms of which any prize crew

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might well be proud; but would have been a blow at the foreign credit of the nation all out of proportion to the value of gold taken. President McLean in his annual report to the stockholders in 1861, expressed the opinion that the speed and armament of the company's steamers would enable them to escape capture; but at the same time the directors cut the dividend five per cent just to provide a somewhat more ample war chest. Judging from his actions, Captain Semmes, the commander of the "Alabama," the famous Confederate cruiser, felt no such assurance that the treasure ships could always pass safely by. In fact he made it his business to worry them as much as he could, and in his diary for Dec. 6, 1862, he quotes with evident relish an item in the Baltimore *Sun*: "The shipments of grain from this port during the past week have been almost entirely in foreign bottoms, the American flag being for the moment in disfavor in consequence of the raid of the rebel steamer 'Alabama.'" Another entry appears a day or two later: "Standing off Cape Maise waiting for our California friend who should have left Aspinwall on the 1st and should pass this way today or tonight. Fires banked so as to give steam on short notice. . . . Everybody on tiptoe of excitement and a good many volunteer lookouts. Several sails in sight, but I cannot yet leave my station lest my principal object should be defeated."

The very day Captain Semmes penned that entry a steamer appeared, and his crew went fairly wild with excitement, for steamers were rare indeed in those waters. But for all their eagerness the crew of the "Alabama" carried off the capture without injuring a soul aboard her, even though a skillful shot had to be fired and a hit made before her captain would give up the idea of flight. The vessel turned out to be the "Ariel," one of Commodore Vanderbilt's fast liners—south bound, however, and with no treasure aboard. Because his own ship was already overcrowded with the crews and passengers of captured ships, Captain Semmes had no room for the people aboard the "Ariel"; so he allowed her to proceed on her voyage after taking a bond of $261,000 for her appearance in a prize court at the proper time.

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The Confederate commerce destroyers captured in all 180 vessels flying the Stars and Stripes, but not one of the fleet of the Pacific Mail was taken.

To go back a little. In 1849 the men who had started the Pacific Mail, not content with their conquest of the seas, decided to span the Isthmus of Panama with a railroad. The obstacles they encountered need not be related because the whole world knows what a battlefield the Isthmus had been, and how often swamp and fever have vanquished enterprise. One may gauge the energy of these men by the fact that they completed their railroad in six years and were running regular trains from the Gulf to the Pacific in 1855. The railroad proved a great feeder for the steamship line, and both were unexampled dividend payers for years. In fact, so great was the prosperity of these properties that the Pacific Mail gave up the issuing of its annual reports throughout the sixties "because of the discovery that such official documents, authoritatively showing the healthy and prosperous condition of our trade, are being used, both at home and abroad, to create opposition enterprises, always more or less damaging." At a later date this silence might have been laid to motives less worthy, but in the heyday of the company's prosperity the reason sounded plausible at any rate.

Dividends had run along at the rate of ten per cent per annum and the fleet had been augmented from the earnings. The year 1860 saw the company with a capital of four million dollars and a fleet of thirteen ships. Three services were maintained: New York to Aspinwall; Panama to San Francisco, direct, and Panama to San Francisco, local, making about fifteen stops at Central American and Mexican ports. The service to Astoria for which the line had originally been established, and for which the first U. S. Government subsidy was paid, was dropped as unprofitable in 1858.

With the California trade well established, the Panama Railroad built, and the anxieties of the Civil War out of the way, the company needed something hard to test its strength upon. California merchants longing for a connection with the Orient were clamoring at Washington for a subsidy to

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encourage the establishment of a line of steamers from San Francisco to the other side. At the same time, the Pacific Mail was anxious to arrange through billing facilities from London to Yokohama and Hong Kong via New York and Panama. They were proud of their rapid service between New York and San Francisco. Nineteen days was the speed they were making. Cunard liners were crossing the Atlantic in nine days, so it looked as if the establishment of a connecting twenty-one-day line from California to China would be the final link in a route from London to the Orient so much shorter than the Suez route that the already important English Oriental trade might be bid for with a fair chance of success. At any rate, the venture seemed worthy of a trial and the company began its elaborate preparations.

New ships had to be built, traffic arrangements made, wharves bought and crews organized. The adventure was no mean one. Up to that time, but one steamship had ventured to cross the North Pacific. With vessels of the small tonnage then prevalent the bunker space required for coal so far reduced the carrying capacity as to make a profitable voyage almost impossible. Only tea, silks, and the most valuable freight could stand the charges.

Another thing that made the establishment of the line seem precarious as well as romantic was our utter unfamiliarity with the regions to be opened up to our commerce. Englishmen had long been on more or less familiar terms with the Orient; but aside from the crews of some of our clipper ships, few Americans had ever crossed the International Date Line. So it was that the company in getting up its flowery prospectuses had to hire a modern Marco Polo, a man who might be designated as a *hearsay traveler*. In an advertising booklet for the new line, he wrote: " The Scenery of the Japan Isthmus is *reported to be fine,* and the approaches to the harbor of Yokohama quite beautifu.l" Then farther on, evidently intending to suggest the inexhaustible resources of China, he tossed off the following: " Fishing is the employment of a vast number of Chinese, and all along the coast great numbers of fishing vessels are found;

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hundreds are in sight every hour and it is difficult to keep clear of them at night, when the weather is thick. . . . They have frequently been run down by passing vessels, and all on board lost, *but there is no diminution whatever of the number.*"

The sailing of the "Colorado" on the memorable first voyage, January 1, 1861, was taken advantage of by two hundred and fifty adventurous passengers, and by the editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin,* who relieved himself of a half column of descriptive literature which deserves a place of honor in the annals of the American Merchant Marine. "The noble steamer in her berth, the moving crowds about her and overrunning her, the thronged heights, the calm blue waters of the bay, the clear prospect of the Alameda shores and the sharp outlines of the islands in the bay, altogether made a brilliant and animated scene." Imagine about twenty sentences like the sample, not omitting respectful mention of His Honor the Governor, and appreciative comment upon the ladies, and you have the gist of the article.

The fact remains that the flowery editor was right, and the opening of the Oriental service did prove to be one of the important events in the history of California. In 1865 our imports by sailing vessels from Japan to the Pacific Coast had been practically negligible. At the end of 1876, after ten years of Pacific Mail pioneering they had climbed to $15,508,000; and from China in 1880 the Pacific Coast received twenty-one million dollars' worth of imports.

In the late sixties Pacific Mail stock was more coveted than fine gold. Annual dividends of twenty per cent were paid to the stockholders—over eight million dollars, and more than six million dollars were left to improve the property and augment the surplus. In 1866 and 1867 the capital was increased from four million to twenty million dollars. Twenty steamers and two tugs, valued at $8,979,000 constituted the floating equipment in service. Four steamers were building, valued at $1,800,000. There were valuable dock and warehouse properties, not only in New York and all along the Pacific Coast, but in Asia.

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In Japan, a step was taken of which even the most captious modern critic will approve. The report says: "I was received, through the instrumentality of our very popular Minister, General Van Valkenburg, by the Gorogio, the state council of the Tycoon. The members of this body were much interested with the account to which they listened of the company's aims and plans. They were especially gratified with the proposal I made, and which they gladly accepted, to transport to California and back, free of charge, annually, a limited number of poor but promising Japanese youths, to be educated in this country. It is to be expected that these young men, instructed in our language and familiarized with our country, will, on returning to Japan, contribute largely to break down the prejudices against foreigners entertained by the ruling classes, and will exert a constant influence in favor of the commerce and people of America."

That the China Line of the Pacific Mail has been from the start the greatest single means to the development of our diplomatic and commercial friendship with China and Japan, no one will deny; and its growth into an important and profitable carrier was rapid. The slenderness of its start, however, is read between the lines in the brave report of the first few round trips. "As anticipated, the China steamers carried from the outset, and successfully, both freight and passengers, including under the former head, teas, silks, silk worms' eggs, etc., etc.

The Oriental trade grew to such proportions that an Australian branch was started and a trans-Atlantic line projected; but even as this expansion went on the company felt the threat of an ominous force that was creeping slowly westward across the continent, the Pacific Railroad. It is by no means certain that the Panama route of ship, rail and ship from New York to San Francisco could not have been operated profitably in spite of the fast overland rail competition that became a reality in 1871. But at just the moment the Pacific Mail should have been in the best of trim to begin the fight to hold that part of the traffic which belonged to it by the right of ability to carry it more cheaply—at just that mo-

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ment it was unprepared. Recent rapid expansion of services, increased capitalization, a period of especially severe competition, and the loss of four vessels in one year—all these circumstances sent the company into its battle with the railroads shaking at the knees.

The fight was a long one; but it was indebtedness to a trusted friend, the Panama Railroad, that finally took from the Pacific Mail a sovereignty that no steamship company has ever successfully disputed. In its first period of stringency, the Mail allowed itself to run deeply into debt to the Panama Railroad.

Bankruptcy stared the Pacific Mail in the face, but dissolution never. So valuable a service as that being performed by the company could not be abandoned. Nor was it uselessness that brought about the company's subjugation, but rather its extreme importance. The railroads needed it.

During that very definite period of our country's economic growth, the period of transcontinental railway expansion, the enormous land transportation projects completely dominated the situation. Subsidized with vast grants of land, their power was so great that the Panama and Round-the-Horn freight carriers were as toys in their hands, and were not suffered to interfere with the growth of overland rail traffic. Even the Pacific was only a pond between our country and the Orient, and circumstances decreed that the existing trans-Pacific line and those yet to be born must be turned into mere feeders for the transcontinental railroads to make up for California's deficiency as a freight producer.

The Pacific Railroad, as the first transcontinental line was called, was determined to control the entire Panama route so as to have a free hand in coast-to-coast rate-making, unhampered by threat of cheaper carriage by water.

Since the Pacific Mail was so deeply in debt to the Panama Railroad as to be dominated by it, the leaders in the Pacific Railroad had merely to watch their chance to get control of the Panama Railroad's directorate in order to be masters of the whole situation. That object was accomplished in 1878, and the Pacific Mail became the handmaiden of the roalroads.

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First, its Panama route was the tool of the Pacific Railroad. Then, when other transcontinental railroads reached the coast and established their own trans-Pacific steamship lines, the China line became a necessary adjunct to the Pacific Railroad to hold its own in the Atlantic-to-Orient rate-making game, and in 1892 a majority of Pacific Mail stock was bought by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Panama line, from being the convenience of one railroad, rose to the distinction of receiving a subsidy from all through the Trans-Continental Association. Thus the game went on throughout the age of railroad expansion, and the Pacific Mail dragged along, externally great, but in reality a slave, a prostitute.

Suddenly, a year ago, an event occurred, a perplexingly sharp event—it was the sale by the Southern Pacific of the liners of the trans-Pacific service, and the announcement that buyers were wanted for the ships of the Panama line. What could it mean? The question flashed back and forth over the wires. The Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce, the President of the Union Pacific, the General Manager of the Pacific Mail, all broke into print at once with the superficial, the momentary reasons that were back of the act itself. And they all missed the real reason, the real significance, that the period of railway expansion is closed and the period of world commercial conquest is on. Railroads must concentrate their attention on their none too encouraging affairs at home, while shipping men and merchants attend to our ballooning overseas trade. They cannot even interfere with coast-to-coast shipping, for the Panama Canal is open, and railway-owned ships may not pass through it.

When it became evident that the Southern Pacific Railroad was really bent upon the dissolution of the Pacific Mail, two great commercial enterprises, the American International Corporation and W. R. Grace and Company, stepped in and bought a majority of the now reduced stock of the company. They did it after receiving scores of letters, petitions and pleas from Chambers of Commerce, business houses, and even individuals all along the West Coast and in the Orient. A dozen harbor towns of Central America cabled that they were

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threatened with ruin if the Panama service should be abandoned. Consular officers in China and Japan made the reduction of service to the East the subject of their reports.

But if these arguments and pleas had never come in, and if the present owners had not bought control, some one would have. The line could never have gone permanently out of existence, for economic forces, which are prior to, and stronger than, the laws, are making for the prosperity of our foreign trade and its carriers—not their decadence. This is the season for the birth of great shipping enterprises, not their death. We are no longer provincial. We are looking to the population of the whole world to buy our products, many of them made from raw materials purchased abroad.

If you were to ask at random "What great movements above all others command the interest of America's hundred million today?" the reply would almost certainly be, "The growth of our foreign trade and of our merchant marine."

Fortunately, our maritime prosperity does not depend upon an instant decision. For years to come, the success of all ocean carriers is assured; the only question we are called upon to decide is whether we want the whole nation to benefit by the investment of American money in an American merchant marine, or to let the investors alone profit while all the concomitant advantages go to other peoples through gradual shifting to other flags after the war is ended.

Meanwhile, of all steamship companies operating upon the Eastern Ocean the Pacific Mail is the best situated to reap steady profits. Unhelped by subsidies, and consequently unhampered by their concomitant responsibilities in time of war, this one pioneer is free to go wherever business is best. It is no longer operated as a ferry from a railroad terminus, but as a steamship line seeking profit in the carriage of freight and passengers upon the ocean. In these days a boy who can fly a kite could make money in the shipping business; but were circumstances infinitely less favorable, the Mail would still be successful, for it is in skilled and powerful hands. Its active control is vested in people who built up a great banking, exporting, and shipping business in the days of

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keen competition and narrow margins, when the American Merchant Marine was starving to death. Six months in the hands of these people and the company is paying dividends.

Pacific Mail and every other steamship company will make huge profits for years to come—there is no question of that. The question is whether we are going to allow those profits to be earned under our flag, or another. Nothing in the world but sentiment is the motive of the present experiment with American registry. Today sentiment can be indulged. In these days of ready cargoes and fabulous freight rates, labor cost is a negligible item. Years from now, when the balance of the World is restored and the keen healthy competition of normal times rules once more, sentiment will have to be put aside.

Success awaits the Pacific Mail, a success commensurate with that of the days of '49. Will it be won under the Stars and Stripes or under an alien flag?

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THE SOLVING OF THE HYPHEN

THE HON. HENRY BRECKNRIDGE

THE Civil War determined the question whether the United States, politically, was a nation or a confederacy. During recent years there has been developing a condition making possible the formulation of an issue just as vital and just as dangerous as the question which required the slaughter of a million lives to answer in '61 to '65. By the war between the States, it was determined that America was a nation in the political and legal sense. Now it seems that we are coming face to face with the question whether America is a nation or a congeries of dissonant, separatist, antagonistic, racial groups.

We start off with the immutable fact that one-tenth of our population consists of negroes—happy though I am to say that never has the charge of being hyphenate been brought against this race. A third or more of our population are immigrants or the children of a mixed marriage. In the cities of the land, various race stocks congregate in their segregated settlements by the hundred thousand, and in the metropolis, New York, by the million—until only about a sixth of the population of Manhattan Island is native born of native American citizens. Is America to be a nation or a second Austria-Hungary, an unblended association of competing races, governed by the old Machiavellian principle of divide and rule?

Successful self-government must be based upon unity and solidarity—unity of language, unity of race, solidarity of feeling. We want no Englishmen, no Irishmen, no Scotchmen, no Russians, no Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Scandinavians in America who remain what they were. We want no ghettos perpetuating from generation to generation the separate and peculiar social and ethnic conditions of non-American races. Political associations of Germans as Germans, of Poles as Poles, of Irishmen as Irishmen, for organized political action within the American commonwealth, are seditious, subversive of the great principle of national unity, and should not be tolerated. I am firmly of the opinion, furthermore, that there should be a virtual elimination of immigration into the United States until the vast horde of foreign-born shall have been assimilated and fused into a real American race. This is not know-nothingism or nativism. It is Americanism. There should be an immediate enactment of law limiting immigration into the United States in any one year to one-tenth of one per cent of the population of the country. This would reduce immigration to an assimilable proportion. It would do away with the hardship which an

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absolute prohibition would work upon the worthy immigrants already here, who have planned for bringing over mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, children, and other kinspeople. Also, of course, the doors should never be shut to bona-fide political refugees. This limitation on immigration would be just as much for the benefit of foreign-born as native-born, because eventually the interest of all lies in the unity and strength of the nation.

There is another sort of hyphenism just as sinister as racial hyphenism, and that is class hyphenism. With the full development of the industrial era society became much more complex, dividing either naturally or artifically or both into more and more subdivisions, feeling within themselves special and separate interests and ofttimes special and separate antagonisms against other social subdivisions of the body politic. Demagogues have preyed upon this evolution, attempting with success, to gather a following and gain strength by arraying class against class and appealing to the baser human instincts of suspicion, prejudice, and animosity. Take the disarmer and the peace-at-any-price pacifist for example. He hails himself the apostle of love, argues and demands the impotence of the nation, finds himself without substantiating facts in his debate on the merits, so immediately begins to traduce the motives and character of his opponents, slanderously alleging that their zeal for the defense of the nation is prompted by the direct or indirect subsidy or subornation of selfish munition makers. The rural politician, pandering to his agricultural constituency, flagellates and denounces other non-rural classes of American society. Low-grade agitators seek to array labor against capital, farmer against manufacturer, debtor against creditor, to the increase of social suspicion and the sowing of social discord. This is the day of organization and it is the legitimate interest and function of groups of citizens with common interests to organize and act together for common benefits not inconsistent with the supreme public welfare, but certainly not for promoting the injury or hatred of other groups of citizens having, if you please, somewhat divergent interests. Class organization, so far as it is to be tolerated at all, should work for fair dealing and co-operation between different economic groups rather than constant friction and antagonism. But beyond the shadow of a doubt the twin evils of race hyphenism and class hyphenism require in this day and time the wise thought and action of patriot and statesman.

I have no panacea to offer. But there is something, undoubtedly, that will do much to yank the hyphen out of America and bring other attendant benefits in its train. A group of men once sat at a table talking, when one, referring to an absent individual, said: "I hate that man." Whereupon a companion interjected, "Do you know him?" "Of course not," was the reply; "if I knew him I shouldn't hate him."

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It is easy to hate people you don't know. It is not so easy to hate people you do know. It is nearly impossible to hate people with whom you have undertaken a common service to something outside of and greater than yourselves. I propose universal military training and service as the final solvent of the hyphen. The public school system is the first step. Universal training and service should be part of the educational program of the nation. The life of the nation is two-fold, domestic as its internal life is concerned, and international as its international life is concerned. We educate the citizen for a minimum of seven years, that the nation may be protected from dangers that assail it from within, dangers of ignorance and corruption. All of us, pacifists and others, know that adequate training alone can circumstance the citizen so as to be able to withstand and avoid these dangers. All human experience and history demonstrate that the danger of assault from without is just as constant and unceasing as the danger of assault by ignorance and corruption from within, and that adequate organization and training are required to withstand this assault if humiliation, disaster, and possibly annihilation are to be avoided.

I was in France during the early days of the war and saw much of the French army, literally coming in contact with hundreds of thousands of French soldiers before, during, and after the Battle of the Marne. The French army had just come through one of the greatest ordeals of its history, the men had been subjected to the most exhausting and trying tests. If they had such things as nervous systems, by all the rules they should have been very much on edge. And yet constantly was I pleased and surprised, as I went back and forth among them, to see the mutual respect, confidence, and good fellowship between officers and men, between the men themselves. Patience, courtesy, good cheer were the order of the day. Not once did I witness an incident of harshness from officer to man or of rudeness between man and man. I spoke of this to a learned and wise officer of age and experience and asked his explanation, which he gave about as follows: "It all comes from the fellowship and understanding born of universal service to a common country. We in France have our share of demagogues among our politicians. They rant and rave, inciting tenets of syndicalism and class hatred. They receive a superficial adherence from large groups of Frenchmen. But the adherence is more verbal than actual, because every Frenchman has learned by rubbing elbows in the army that the other fellow, after all, is a pretty decent fellow, just as patriotic, just as courteous, just as self-sacrificing as himself. He comprehends a little better the point of view of the other fellow, gets him to modify it and in turn modifies his own. Farmer and bank clerk, law student and mechanic, rich and poor, serve side by side for two or three solid years, rendering up a real and burdensome sacrifice to the safety of the nation.

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Out of the common service comes the common understanding, and knowing each other they find it hard to hate each other.

A successful and philosophical American once said, "If you wish to put a man under obligation to you, get him to do something for you." It seems to be a fact of human experience, that loyalty and affection are instilled as much by rendering service as receiving unearned benefits. That which is obtained by hard work and sacrifice is most appreciated. It is not the negligent and indulgent officer who gains the loyalty and affection of his men. It is the officer who exacts discipline and efficiency. So with government, a state that affects the role of an unfailing fountain of gratuitous benefits without impressing equally the necessity of service and sacrifice on the part of the citizen, will breed up a selfish, unloyal, pampered, and spoiled citizenship which will work the undoing of the nation. Every native and foreign-born son of America, if compelled to render at an appropriate time a reasonable measure of personal service to his country, would carry throughout his life a keener sense of patriotism and nationalism, a more vivid realization of his responsibility as an essential part of the national life.

Take Switzerland for a model—Switzerland the cradle of modern liberty, the very incarnation of a restrained but militant democracy. Has universal service dimmed or snuffed out the life of democracy there? Far from it. America is a staid and conservative political community compared with the Swiss Republic. Let every American youth, upon attaining a certain age, come under the operation of an absolutely democratic and national system of military training. Butcher and baker and candlestick maker, law clerk, bank clerk, heir of millions and heir of nothing but American citizenship, rich and poor, wise and unwise, competent and incompetent,—put them all in the hopper upon an absolutely equal footing, and let those become non-commissioned and commissioned officers who demonstrate their superior capacity. As the different races mingled in a common service to a common country, and as youth of different economic conditions associated in a mutual and honorable enterprise, misunderstanding would be ameliorated, prejudices allayed, and solidarity established. And incidentally the safety of the nation would be insured. If every able-bodied American youth were trained to a moderate degree in the military art; if the organization of the trained manhood of the nation were provided and perfected; if all the necessary reserves of equipment and munitions were amassed; if every arrangement for the mobilization, administration, and leadership of this great citizen army were completed, no nation of the world and probably no coalition of nations would think seriously of an invasion of America, whereas, now such a feat is at the same time so brilliant and so simple as to constitute a continuing temptation to the military nations of the world.

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All through the Preparedness agitation that has endured since the beginning of the world war, there have been many pessimists expressing despair at the blindness, ignorance, and contemptible self-satisfaction of American politicians from the highest to the lowest, and the apathy of the American people themselves in the face of the demonstration on the fields of Europe of what every real thinker knew before the war to be the facts. Many patriotic persons were led to the sincere belief, in which they still remain, that only a great disaster could shock our people into a realization of the facts of life. I wonder if we realize the blessed operation of a Providence that permits us in quiet and in calm to debate and decide the question whether or not we shall defend the nation. I wonder how fully we realize that if either of the great coalitions now contending in Europe had struck us instead of striking each other, we should have suffered a devastation and humiliation unsurpassed in the annals of modern history. If the combined navies of Germany and Austria had been loosed against us, the inescapable military conclusion is that our Navy would have been wiped off the seas or shut up in its harbors with little attendant loss to the enemy. All the lessons of modern naval warfare, since our own war with Spain, demonstrate that inferior sea power meeting superior sea power inevitably is annihilated with little attendant loss to the superior enemy. Once the barrier of our sea power had been broken, the land defenses of America would have been as nothing. The seacoast fortifications only bring within the range of their guns a little over three hundred miles of coast line. The enemy would have the choice of hundreds of points on the rest of the five thousand miles to effect his invasion. All this has been discussed. There has been a mighty agitation, greater than any that has stirred the nation in half a century. After two years of harangue and spectacular writing and more spectacular demonstration by means of Preparedness parades, the politicians of the United States have taken their deaf ears from the ground, thinking at last that they have heard the voice of political pressure with sufficient distinctness to require action, not primarily for the defense of the nation, because the facts have been known to them for years, but for the protection of their political hides. But what is the actual result? Congress came together three-quarters of a year ago, all for Preparedness and resolved to save the nation. The military and naval committees of the two houses held hearings of unparalleled extent, filling thousands of pages of testimony. Preparedness congresses sat in the city of Washington to bring moral support to the Congress—some would call it moral coercion. Speeches long and vehement were delivered beneath the dome of the Capitol. The result, in the House of Representatives, was what?—the passage of the Hay Bill, the only practical consequence of which, as far as can be seen, was to provide by unwarrantable legislative action, a job in

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the army for Hay's friend, Judge Carson of the Philippines, and to make Mr. Hay himself a Judge of the Court of Claims of the United States. If Mr. Hay is as successful in defeating unjust claims against the Treasury of the United States as he was in defeating adequate measures for the defense of the nation, he should make a successful Judge of that Court. The Senate tried to remedy the situation a little, mainly under the enlightened leadership of Senator Chamberlain; but the result was failure, and as far as the land defenses of the nation are concerned we are worse off than before the Preparedness agitation, because the Congress of the United States has passed a bogus piece of paper on the American people, labeled "Adequate Land Defenses," and designed to lull the people into a false belief in their security.

As to the Navy, the situation is a little better. The naval legislation is much more liberal than the Army legislation, but, especially in view of the utter inadequacy of the Army legislation, is itself incapable of remedying our condition of military impotence. A great parade is made of the number of dollars appropriated for the Navy. This is interesting but irrelevant. The question is what is necessary to safeguard on the sea the honor and safety of the nation, and, has that which is necessary been done? It has not. By the neglect of the last ten years the United States Navy has been permitted to sink from the place of the second sea power of the world to the fourth. The least that the Congress of the United States should have done in the existing exigency and condition of world affairs was forthwith to authorize the construction of those vessels stated by the General Board to be required to place the United States Navy back in the position of the second sea power.

If Democracy is to survive in the world, it must, by the co-operative effort of freemen, constitute itself in efficiency and strength sufficient to warn off the armed autocracies of the world—and, if need be, resist successfully their most determined assaults.

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THE GOLDEN KITE

PATRICK GALLAGHER

A FEW years ago a great man, who is also a remarkable weaver of word-poems, wrote what he called "Some Indiscreet Letters from Peking." When they were first written and published they attracted scant notice. Later, when their prophetic truth was made evident by grim fact, a shuddering, gasping world paid reluctant tribute to the author, Putnam Weale. Weale's letters had to do with "black dust in Peking"—dust that came no man could say whence, that hung in the air like flies over a cesspool, that clung to your clothes and stuck and got up your nostrils and glued itself to your tongue. This "black dust" of the Peiho proved very significant.

A duststorm of a somewhat different but not less portentous sort has lately come up over our horizon. Preceded by genial sunshine and soft, zephyr airs, carried hitherward from the Orient, the dust is mobilized overhead and though we see it, we know it not. Silently, scarcely visible, it blends itself with the particles of our own atmosphere, steadily seeping in, filming our eyes, clinging to our hands, coating our tongues—yellow, shimmering dust, shot through with shafts from the Rising Sun—dust, nurtured, sprinkled with the perfumed waters from the fountain of the Sacred Treasure of Kyoto; dust gathered with patient, careful hands under the wistaria and cherry blossoms of Japan. Dust, blinding our eyes, lest we see the flight of The Golden Kite—emblem of Japan, Militant—and know its meaning.

A little more than a quarter of a century ago, an event occurred which changed the whole course of the world. Although few men in America or in Europe sensed the thousandth part of its importance, it was incomparably more momentous than the Terror in France or the decision of the American Colonies to cease doing business as a branch establishment of Great Britain. A very small but compact body of men constituted themselves the leaders of a people occupying a few islands on the edge of the Orient. For centuries, this

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people ate, drank and slept; thought, worked, and fought in strict obedience to the dictates of a feudal system which, whatever its hardships and errors, had made exclusiveness a matter of native pride and patriotism a thing dearer than life itself. The small, compact body of men decided that Japan should go out into the world. The garment of Exclusion was doffed for that of Expansion at the identical moment when the kimona gave way to the frockcoat.

Of course, other things had gone before. But these were merely symptoms of the coming change. The event was the advent of actual constitutional government in Japan, the acceptance by the late Emperor (Meiji Tenno) and Prince Ito of new doctrines preached by new men as the inevitable result of Japanese intercourse with Occidental powers, Japanese insight into the ways and the aims of the Occident.

"Good morning, Japan," America had said to the Shogun; "we want to get in, to take a 'look-see' at Fuji and your tea-gardens."

What the Shogun said or thought does not matter. Probably—undoubtedly—he consigned, mentally, at least, the American commodore and his government and people to a hotter spot than General Sherman's alternative for war. But what Young Japan began to think and say *is* important. Young Japan, reading the history of Europe and especially the activities of Great Britain and other European powers in Asia, said softly to himself: "Very good, honorable foreign nuisance, if *you come in,* I think *I'll go out.*"

Young Japan, at once, prepared to *go out.* The Golden Kite, her eyes not yet fully opened, preened her feathers, soared upward, and took her first modern flight *in the night.* That was in 1894. The Korean Night, the war with China, served to further open the eyes of the Kite. China was still asleep, drugged by British opium and bound hand and foot by the Manchu mummers and their minions. The Kite's feet rested in Korea and they remained there, "in the sacred name of liberty, independence, and progress."

During the Korean Night, the Kite had temporarily ousted the Dragon from Port Arthur, the Gibraltar of the

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East. This sorely vexed "the Bear that walks like a man" and the Black Eagle and the Cock. The Kite, not yet quite sure of the strength of her pinions, withdrew from Port Arthur and sank her beak a little deeper into the neck of The Hermit of Korea, "in the sacred name of liberty, independence, and progress." "The Bear that walks like a man" sat down on Port Arthur to watch developments; while, to hasten developments, the Black Eagle built a handsome eerie on the coastal crest of Tsingtau. From the bleeding belly of the prone Dragon, Young China emerged, rubbing her eyes and wondering what meant all this commotion in her own house.

An inept alien sat upon her throne. Boxers and bandits plagued and pillaged, while jealous "friends" quarreled among each other for shreds of her raiment. To each, she turned for counsel, wondering what to do and how to do it. And each gave her different advice.

Meanwhile, the Kite was not idle. She had new nests in Formosa and Korea. Formosa was hers, absolutely; but, in Korea, jealous birds insinuated that she was acting the part of the Cuckoo, laying eggs in, and feathering, another bird's nest. She said little but kept on laying eggs, adding feathers, hatching out lusty young Kites, each eager to emulate the actions of the parent bird. "The Bear that walks like a man" walked into a trap at the Yalu and Moukden. The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 found the Kite full-feathered and sharp of bill and talon. The Bear left the ring much the worse for wear and tear. To the Kite's nests at Formosa and Korea was added the nest freshly-feathered by the Bear at Port Arthur, with the choice flying-ground of Southern Manchuria. The "Cuckoo-nest" of Korea became the summerhouse of the Kite family, absolutely and finally, "in the sacred name of liberty, independence, and progress." The Kite was now ready to try conclusions with greater, stronger foes.

Patiently, quietly, she kept on cultivating her feathers, sharpening her bill and talons, strengthening the muscles of her legs and wings. Also, she was learning to sing with good effect the songs made celebrated by other birds

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She sent carefully-trained young Kites to visit the nests of the most distant birds, armed with song-folios to suit each special need. She contracted a political marriage with the Lion, and became a regular and very popular feature in the international concert. This marriage was multifold in its effects. It helped her into the good graces of the Cock, who had a nest of sorts in Tonkin (secured and enlarged in a roundabout fashion during the Dragon's sleep); it also assisted her to offer the Bear some soothing ointment for the scars inflicted by her bill and talons. The Bear was still red-eyed and ugly, beating with his great paws a better path along which to lead his newly-trained cubs to attack the Kite and win back all he had lost. But only the Kite foresaw and knew the certain offspring of this marriage—the Kite's heir magnificent.

The heir was born—or the egg hatched out—secretly, silently, on the day the Black Eagle and his "blood-brother" assailed the Cock and the Lion. "The wife's place is with her husband." The Kite, in a liberal reading of the marriage contract, flapped her wings at the Black Eagle; and while most of the big and little Black Eagles were very busy closer home, she sang sweetly a song which ,at the close of the Kite's combat with the Dragon, the Black Eagle had taught her. "To preserve the peace of the Far East," the Kite sang to the Black Eagle, "you must get out of that nest at Tsingtau. You see, I want to return it to the Dragon, *eventually*." The Black Eagle would not get out. The Kite folded the song-folio, marking the page with a red letter, unfolded her wings and, allowing the Lion to co-operate, put the Black Eagle out of the Tsingtau nest. This done, the Kites took counsel of one another. Preparations were now hastened for the Grand Flight.

The air-currents had been carefully sounded and tested. The atmospheric pressure was just right. The storm that had broken out in Europe monopolized the hands and the ears of those who might otherwise interfere. The international concert had wound up in a riot. The Kite could well afford to smile at the fuss and flying of fur and feather, because it

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was the prelude prerequisite for her own Grand Flight. Asia, unarmed, unprepared, lay at her feet.

"Young China," said the Kite to her nestling, "has really awakened. This is a very serious matter for us. You must all be up and doing. Feather your new Chinese nests, or it may be too late." So there was a great ado, a sharpening of bills and talons, a preening of feathers, wing exercise, footwork among the young Kites. All made ready for the Grand Flight.

A very wise bird was dispatched from the parent nest to sing new songs with a militant motif nearby the banks of the Peiho. He was carefully instructed to be sure and sing these songs *privately,* lest Europe, though deadened to outer sounds by her own discord, might get wind of this uninvited solo, whose twenty-one verses could not be made harmonic with either the Kite's wedding march or previously written European concertos composed for the polite edification of Young China. And, tucked quietly away in the bass clef, in each of these verses was the straw and the clay for a brand new nest for ambitious offspring of The Golden Kite. That was not all.

Young China was to be told in plain language that henceforth she must regard her domain as "nest general" of The Golden Kite. The recitative warbled of "the preservation of the peace of the Far East"; the aria left all the "pieces" with The Golden Kite's talons.

Some of the older and more peaceful Kites shook their heads. "That will never do," they objected; "the Golden Eagle will squawk and soar down upon us."

"Not so," reassured the more vigorous Kites. "You see, the Golden Eagle has gone to school under the Dove. She has presented her wings to be clipped and put her talons in peace-pads. She's quite harmless and, really, she has learned to *coo* just like a dove. She'll lend us the gold with which to buy more fighting-feathers. See if she doesn't!"

She did.

Indirectly, but with her eyes opened wide to the facts, America furnished the credit which was applied to Russia so

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that Russia might buy needed munitions to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars in Japan and thereby build up in Japan the arsenals needed for the Grand Flight of The Golden Kite. What direction will that flight take?

Americans and others who have spent much of their lives in the Far East—who speak and write of Japan as residents and not merely as visitors—do not hesitate to assert that Japan meditates war with America and is straining all her energies in preparation to win that war. Is this truth or merely sensational fiction, inspired (as pro-Japanese spokesmen assert) by "irresponsible persons and professional trouble-makers who desire to arouse suspicion against Japan and to create friction between the two countries?" There must be some ascertainable facts, as to the nature of which there can be no dispute, which should help to answer the question, one way or the other. The timely publication of such facts, instead of precipitating trouble, should tend to preserve the peace. The facts have already been ascertained. As if to obviate the mere possibility of doubt, most of them have been furnished by Japanese themselves.

A recital of all these facts would fill many huge volumes. But they can be summarized, and those who desire the details may find them by reference to such Japanese publications as *The Far East, The Japan Magazine, the Japan Financial and Economic Monthly, The Japan Year Book,* and other sources which not even the most ultra-Japanese spokesman will care to impeach. Briefly put, they are as follows:

Japan has spared neither men, money, nor time in order to create in the United States the belief that the Japanese people love us and regard us as their traditional friends; that the Japanese people are willing to be barred from coming to this country so long as those Japanese already established here are justly treated; that Japan respects our Monroe Doctrine and merely desires to establish, "on similar lines, a sort of Monroe Doctrine for Asia;" that, so far as China is concerned, American and Japanese interests are identical; that Japan respects the Hay principle of the "Open

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Door" and, instead of menacing the sovereignty and integrity of China, seeks only to maintain China's sovereignty and integrity; that Japan and the United States should cooperate in the development of China, we to supply the money and Japan the men; that, "while it is true that Japan is overpopulated" and that she must immediately find room, "somewhere," for her surplus population, Manchuria offers the natural solution of this problem; that America is Japan's best customer and our markets are too valuable to be sacrificed by war; that Japan is too poor to fight so rich a country as the United States; that all Japan's military and naval preparations are for self-defense; that Japan has to be on her guard against Russia; that in the interest of the maintenance of the peace in Asia, Japan must be in a position to protect China from aggression; that the Japanese people are the most peaceful people in the world, etc., etc.

Let us analyze these assertions in order, confining our answers to the unimpeachable Japanese source indicated:

Since the Treaty of Portsmouth, the Japanese people, judging from their own spokesmen, have ceased to regard us as their "traditional friends." The Japanese government, which exercises even in peace times a rigid censorship over all news and comment, has failed to inform the Japanese people that Mr. Roosevelt brought about the Portsmouth Peace Conference only when specifically urged to use his good offices by the authorized representative of the Elder Statesmen of Japan. We are condemned, without even a hearing, because we did what we could to help Japan when she sought our help.

The entire Japanese press seethes with furious attacks against our immigration laws and demands action by the Japanese government to assure to its nationals the right to emigrate at will to North and South America. Canadian and Australasian immigration barriers are charged against our account. Japanese publicists do not hesitate to assert the "race issue" as a just cause for "abandoning useless diplomacy and deciding the question by all the means at Japan's disposal."

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The Japanese press overflows with reasons proving Manchuria or China proper (apart altogether from recognition of China's rights in the matter) offer no possible solution of this much-exploited "acute problem of Japanese super-population." It is a fact that population is much more dense in certain parts of China than it is in Japan; it is asserted that Japanese super-population is a myth and that Japan has yet to develop much of her arable land; this apart from the fact, proved by Japanese statistics, that Japan has, so far, failed to fully avail herself of opportunities for Japanese colonization in Hokkaido (Old Japan), Korea, and Formosa, where her rule is absolute.

That Japan's trade with America is no guarantee against war should be amply demonstrated by the experience of Germany and England. Furthermore, reference to the Japanese press will prove that Japan is feverishly anxious to win other markets for her products, in competition with our products, so as to maintain her exports in the event of war with the United States. All these matters are discussed without any mincing of words in the leading Japanese newspapers, despite the operation of the official censorship.

The Japanese editors do not think that Japan is too poor to fight the United States; quite the contrary. Despite assertions of "Japanese poverty" (which, curiously enough, are scouted by responsible bankers and financial experts in Japan and America), Japan is hoarding a large gold reserve, now computed at $325,000,000. For peace or for war? And, if for war, against whom?

In Japan there is no pretense that Japanese military and naval expansion are designed for self-defense. The *Japan Year Book* for 1914 (which is semi-official and certainly not anti-Japanese) makes the following illuminating statement on page 485, in the "Army and Navy" chapter and under the title, "Object of Expansion and Imaginary Enemy":

> "The object of expansion of national armament is primarily to guard our interest in Manchuria and China, and next *to be prepared against a possible emergency with U. S. A.* In Manchuria Japan may

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come in conflict with Russia, while the internal difficulty in China and the grave danger that has been constantly menacing her stability calls upon Japan to be well prepared against an emergency that may break out any time."

"Not a day is to be lost," Marquis Okuma recently told the Japanese people, "in hurrying into operation" Japan's huge naval and military program. The Osaka *Mainichi* declares that American preparedness plans are "a menace to Japan." Why? The answer will speedily appear.

Japan, according to the Japanese themselves, is exerting all her efforts to arm Russia against Russia's enemies. At one time, Japan had good reason to fear another war with Russia. Perusal of the Japanese press offers convincing testimony that the "Russian menace" no longer exists.

"In the interest of the maintenance of the peace in Asia," "to protect China from aggression," does Japan need to burden her people with a staggering load of taxation in order to maintain her present military and naval establishments, much less to "lose not a day" in expanding them? What power, save Japan alone, menaces China? The grim humor of this suggestion provokes even the Japanese themselves to mirth. It is sheer nonsense.

At no time in her history has Japan been "a nation of mollycoddles or weaklings." She is strong today, in a military sense; and more power to her elbow for that. So long as the actual strength of a nation is to be based upon the length of its bayonet, Japan is quite right in preparing to meet any reasonable eventuality—in acting upon the stern logic of the survival of the fittest. But "preparedness" is no new fad in Japan. Proud of her ancient traditions, tracing the ancestry of her venerated emperor to a mythological source, there never has been a time in Japan when the sword was not deemed the emblem of Japanese manhood, when Japanese knighthood was not in full flower, when, to the best of Japan's knowledge and belief, the nation was not ready to give a good account of itself on the field of battle.

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Japan's interests with Europe and America, on matters solely relating to Europe and America, have been above and beyond reproach. Japan has always acted with justice and restraint—in dealing with questions arising between her and the Occidental nations, since her doors opened to the west—*where the rights and interests of other Asiatic peoples were not concerned.* There is the key to the dangers which confront America and Europe in the Far East.

Take a map of Asia and trace on it the Flight of The Golden Kite since the modern awakenment of Japan. Examine this Flight with the aid of the state papers, which detail beyond possibility of question each act in the most wonderful world-drama history records. The conclusion then becomes manifest that, towards her Asiatic neighbors, Japan has acted without honesty, without justice, without mercy. She has not scrupled to use the most shocking means to gain her ends. It is an open secret that, so far as concerns Asiatic matters, Japan has forfeited the confidence of every nation on earth. And the Japanese—or at least their responsible statesmen—realize the truth of this statement and the bearing it must have upon Japan's future relations with the world.

I am often asked: "Why cannot China try and get along with Japan—the Japanese, you know, are such nice people?" Apart from their desire and capacity to live much cheaper than we desire to do—or can do—the Japanese are very nice people—*to us.* They are anything but "nice" to their Korean and Formosan subjects or their Chinese neighbors.

With a sword in hand and a forked tongue, Japan is wooing Asia to absorb Asia. It is a whirlwind courtship conducted with barbaric ruthlessness. The record of the Flight tells the story.

To safeguard the independence of Korea, Japan made war upon China. Her troops in command of Seoul, she imprisoned the Emperor, stole the seal of the Korean foreign office, compelled Korea to assent to a "protectorate" and, after the war with Russia, discarded the mask and ended the fiction of Korean "independence" under the "protecting"

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wing of Japan. The war with Russia brought the successful flight of the Kite within the historic patrimony of China. Southern Manchuria came under her "protection," with Port Arthur as a base for future use. Betraying her ally, Great Britain, she has taken advantage of the European calamity to repeat with additional insult and brutal disregard of fundamental decency her Korean performances in Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, Shantung, and Fukien; she indicates a determination to carry the Flight into Yunnan. Is it any wonder that the Chinese do not trust her?

She denied, indignantly, the existence of the demands on China even when the facts were in the possession of the Government of the United States and the European Governments with whom she had contracted to maintain the Hay Doctrine. And before the ink was dry on treaties officially protested by the government of the United States, she sent to us Baron Shibusawa to raise American gold with which to finance her repudiation of solemn promises to America. Not merely that, but the manner in which her spokesmen made the proposition was a deliberate insult to us—she served notice upon our financiers that they cannot do business in China except upon Japan's terms. It was no empty threat. Already she had "vetoed" every recent attempt of Americans to assist in the development of China. The Chenchou-Aigun railway contract and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's Fukien contract—mere matters of $80,000,000—were annulled when she said "thumbs down!" She has endeavored to block the Standard Oil and Hwai river conservancy projects. Oh, yes, Japan means business! Said Baron Shibusawa, in New York:

"American activities in the Chinese market might lead to hostile competition, mutual distrust, and bitter animosity, *which might be mutually disastrous.*"

Then, Baron Shibusawa told us how Japan would permit us to do business in China, over whose sovereignty she has no more right than we have. Japan will allow us to provide the capital, while she furnishes the managers, engineers, foremen, etc., and directs all Chinese enterprises.

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She had made a similar proposition to the British bankers. I am told that they would not even consider it. I know from personal knowledge that the American bankers received the ultimatum with polite amazement.

There has lately been published a letter written by Elihu Root when he was Secretary of State explaining why (in 1905) the United States Government should not intervene to save Korea. When the incident occurred, I had been for several years a resident in the Orient. I can quite understand the reasons which impelled Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root to abstain from attempting to prevent Japan's coup. The Root letter shows conclusively how and why America's hands were tied. Korea had failed to avail herself of the treaty with the United States which might have been invoked to protect her. China, despite her critical situation, has not—as was Korea—been caught napping. While Mr. J. O. P. Bland (with the very best intentions, I have no doubt) assumes that the 1915 treaties and notes extorted by Japan from China are binding upon China and the Treaty Powers, and that Manchuria and Mongolia are "as good as annexed by Japan," I am not so sure that he is right. The protests are on record. If our bankers had been so foolish, so unjust, or so unpatriotic as to consent to finance this spoliation of China, what pleasant complications would have been in store for our State Department?

Japan's refusal to permit us to do business directly with China is an essential part of her policy of "Asia for the Asiatics." The Japanese "extra-textual" interpretation of "Asia for the Asiatics," as revealed by the Japanese press, is "Asia United under Japan." A close study of Japanese writings and the history of Asia during the last quarter of a century leaves room for no other possible conclusion. Here it is only possible to give the finger-posts furnished by the Japanese themselves:

(a) They admit an alliance of interest and aims with every force now operative in active conspiracy against all established governments in Asia, *outside Japan.*

(b) They have created a remarkable new literature in

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Asia, the avowed object of which is to glorify "The New Orientalism" and to depreciate Occidentalism at all points of origin and contact.

(c) All domestic and foreign policies of Japan take their cue from this movement, the active leader of which is Marquis Okuma.

(d) Tokyo, today, is the refuge of all the malcontents of Asia; while Japanese exponents of "The New Orientalism" are fomenting discontent throughout Asia.

"The mission of Japan," wrote Marquis Okuma recently, "is to bring about international civilization. . . . Western nations have already confessed their inability to assimilate Oriental civilization. Japan, alone, can digest the two."

Professor Masutaro Niita, of the Imperial University, Tokyo, tells us:

"The independence of India cannot be expected in a short time. After Japan's power has increased a great deal, she may think of extending her protecting hand to India."

She has already thought of it and is preparing with all her remarkable energy to translate the thought into fact.

Why did Japan oppose the restoration of monarchy in China? Let one of the most famous Japanese answer for Japan:

"Granted a strong Emperor," writes Field Marshal Yamagata, head of the Japanese army and her greatest military leader, right-hand of the Emperor, Elder Statesman, patron and clansman of the new premier, Count Terauchi, "it would be more easy to change China than it was to change Japan. The Chinese could be trained to become excellent soldiers; and, with China's almost infinite resources of men and treasure, a strong Emperor could have at his command a most powerful army and become a most serious menace to all the neighboring nations."

This is merely a bird's-eye view of our problems in the Far East, which cannot be divorced from our domestic interests. They are not, solely, our problems. We share their dangers, their duties, their decisive demand for practicable, amicable solution with our brother nations now at war. In

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full view of these facts, what supine folly that catastrophic carnival must appear—how paltry its issues in face of the vital question of the hour: Shall Asia awaken and East meet West in peace or in war?

We cannot, now, retreat from the Orient, with honor. We need not retreat if we face the situation with courage and with coolness; if we stand on our rights, like men, and insist upon other nations, equally bound, equally interested, standing by their pledges to enforce "equal opportunity in, and respect for, the territorial sovereignty of China." That is the only road to peace.

If unchecked, uncurbed, the Flight of The Golden Kite spells inevitable antagonism, certain war between East and West. China, fully awakened and armed, though under a Japanese yoke, will never forget her betrayal or forgive those who, in a moment of weakness, may abandon her at the very time when she is giving us the most material reasons to help sustain her. China once under the heel of Japan, India will surely follow the Japanese Pan-Asiatic movement. Then, what? How long will our Occidental wall of exclusiveness stand against the summons of a united, belligerent Asia to "Open the Door"?

Have we eyes, and will we cleanse them of the dust which films them—shimmering yellow dust under cover of which The Golden Kite makes ready for her Final Flight?

THE GUNNER

BEATRICE REDPATH

We found him propped against a gun
Still firing . . . he'd had one arm blown away.
He laughed and said: "I made them run—
They thought there were a few of us this way."
And then he crumpled up . . . we saw that he was done.
We asked him had he messages to send,
Had he a wife, a mother, or a friend?
"I've just a kid," he said,
"And I'm afraid he'll grow up much like me—
God, I'd be glad
If you could show the lad
The way to be
More of a man!" he said.

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH CHINA?

FREDERICK MCCORMICK

I HAVE listened to many criticisms of China, but to me the most original and interesting of them is the learned denunciation in enclosed epithets delivered at Peking during the reign of the Manchus by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, dean of missionaries in China, who said: "China is not a nation; China is an old ash barrel, held together by the Powers, with a hen inside, goose if you will, sitting on golden eggs." The excoriation passed unheeded then, for China, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things." Whether one called her "a dead whale on the ocean of international affairs," "a bone of international contention," "a boneless giant," "Maud Muller," "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair," she cared not. The few Chinese who heard the invidious comparisons out of the carping West squandered a little time in telling us how much the matter was over-estimated, convincing us that of China it was not so anyway. "Big, unlearned, and poor," bearing the curse, truly, of a political hookworm; having no intelligible self-expression, the West took note of little more than that "many children played round her door." She was an indigent old woman living in a golden shoe, a nobody in the modern world, usurping a rich but tattered palace, while those who envied her the satisfaction of Demosthenes, the antiquity and glory of Cathay, and coveted the wealth and magnificence of her habitation, snatched at its fittings through the years and were laid beneath the slab that marks the resting places of all those who try to hustle the East.

But as the race never dies, criticism and diatribe went on until finally, about 1900, after every other virile people in the world had condemned the fate that through her apathy and indifference to the ways of the West had overtaken China as the one most to be abhorred, came the last straw. *The American pacifists eulogized China for her policy of non-resistance. Then China woke up.*

RELIGION

China had succeeded Turkey as the sick man of the world, and many physicians met at the diagnosis. The church came first. Since St. Francis Xavier had struck his staff upon the Southern coast crying, "Oh rock, when wilt thou break?" China's malady had been heathenism. What was the matter with China was perfectly simple. As the church brought the leprosy of political domination, and added it to the itch of China's stagnation, China solved the problem of another disease

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thrust upon her by erasing the church. In those days she was equal to prevention if not cure.

Then came the Protestant missionary, who stirred up nearly all the real stir China has had. The church continued to urge Christian belief upon China. Eminent laymen also held this view, commending missionary ministrations. This was the attitude of Robert Hart, whose opinion on all questions concerning China was held in respect. He once told me that perhaps the best single action China could take would be that of adopting the Christian religion outright as the national faith. Even a Confucian scholar had offered the opinion that as Christianity was the prevailing religion of the most advanced and strongest countries, China should adopt it the same as she adopted Western sciences.

This was after the Russo-Japanese War, and I listened in Peking to an address by an eminent Protestant missionary on the same subject, under the title of "The Question for China." The question for China was contained exclusively in the problem of what religion she should have, and her salvation lay in adopting Christianity. It was a sermon with a practical infirmity. It was fatal in its logic. Its remedy, to effect a cure, involved the universally dangerous process of swapping horses in mid-stream, while, as an assertion, the answer to the question for China had this effectual refutation, namely, that although China had been acquainted with Christianity for several hundred years, nevertheless, had anyone asked the Chinese, hardly one could have been found out of the hundreds of millions to give the Sunday school answer. On the contrary, the universal reply in China would have been that the question for China more than ever was one of driving the "foreign devils" from Christian nations into the sea. China had only just tried this and the result was the greatest evidence she had yet uncovered of the primal correctness, if inexpediency, of that course. The farther China went, the more apparent this became to the Chinese, and the more enlightened Chinese found this unction creeping close to their hearts.

Politics

The first to stir China, the first to get a reaction, were the missionaries. The elder Catholics stuck the goad into both China and Japan and got the Inquisition thrown into them in return. They snatched at political power, but both China and Japan beat them to it. Trade got the next reaction—it taught the mandarin to respect the integrity of merchants and the requirements of commercial intercourse. Still China was behindhand and committed the unpardonable fault of getting into politics. China was behind time at Macao in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at Canton in the eighteenth, at Nanking

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1842, at Tientsin 1857-60, at Seoul 1894, at Peking 1900 with the Boxer uprising, as well as 1908-10 respecting international loans. And although her movements were so rapid that in ten years she went farther than in the previous two thousand, she never was farther behind than in the matter of a reformed monarchy for 1916. And if some other countries serving as drags to Western hustle and Eastern grab go down, China will get the effect of the released force from all points of the compass and suffer the whole jolt.

The political pace in China has been accelerated by material progress. Little happened between 1517, when the Portuguese came up the China Seas, and 1840. It took from 1842 to 1860 for the West to reach Peking. Thirty-five years of silence then reigned. But consider the rapid-fire epochs since 1895—one every two or three years, as defined by: Treaty of Shimonoseki, Boxer Uprising, Russo-Japanese War, Foreign Loans and Financial and Industrial Reform, Revolution, Republic, loss of Chinese colonies, Monarchy. All within twenty years! A generous, energetic, well-meaning, and deserving American thought to revive Persia and make the world love her as it did Turkey and China, but failed because Persia had been embalmed a long time before the American physician came; that was why he was called. Except China, Turkey has been the only international bone the world of international bone-contenders cared about. If Turkey is found to be embalmed, the fact that China is "yet alive" will make little initial difference to the political blubber-hunters.

Arms

A realization of all these things has left China's critics anything but niggardly. They have been most flattering. As a result, China impersonates, as it were, the whole human race, and men and women are standing upon every hilltop, with ropes and life buoys in their hands, trying to save her. A very strong case has been made out against China. I have listened to the argumentations, and argufermentations, for sixteen years, and I must say that, while my inclination is to despise and distrust them, *history seems bent on writing the Chinese off the calendar because they have not been able to speed up.* I am told that her whole defense has gone by the board, and she has failed in the last resort—the resort of arms. Even the church would have condoned progress, civilization and the respect of the world set up by the sword. It was not of the church or the world to condone China's hanging like a carcass upon the necks of those volunteering to help her. *She was the champion political mendicant of the world, unwilling to raise a hand in her own behalf so long as some one would do it for her.* She suspected the outer aid which took time by the forelock and offered itself, *and it was possible to be to her a disin-*

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terested friend only when the wolves were about her and had their teeth in her trunk.

Thus *the critics pulled China into the last court and found her a military bankrupt.* Political mendicancy maintained as a continuous performance effectually prevented her from making any defensive alliance. The fan, the umbrella, and the teapot had disappeared as military weapons in the Chinese army so recently that they had had little influence in lightening her as a helpless burden to the Powers. *When the Japanese first invaded Manchuria in 1894, the inhabitants pulled their boats ashore for them at Pi-tzu-wo, and ten years later did a similar service for the Russians.* At Kin-chou a Chinese soldier suicided before a temple shrine rather than die on a battle-field of the China-Japan War. *The capacity to make a military demonstration that would give her the power of making an alliance, therefore, was not in her, and she was written off militarily as a dead weight of danger to any nation that might undertake single-handed to defend her.*

The Curse of Japan

The chorus of calamity started by the church, swelled by traders, diplomats, and financiers, and joined in by Western educators and intellectual leaders, aroused China's neighbors. At last above the din of revolution was heard a yet more terrible indictment. Came the curse of Japan. The Japanese said that China lacked all the essential elements, such as existed in Japan in a like emergency. Her Throne was not a rallying-point upon which was centered reverent affection, and there was no large party of progressive leaders who, to hereditary prestige, added high intellect, profound foresight, and invincible courage. It did not have behind it a nation swayed by patriotic sentiment, instead of selfish individualism." It was 1911. When it was shown that the revolutionary outbreak was going to overthrow the Manchu Dynasty, Count Okuma on behalf of Japan proclaimed the end of China. Besides all these shortcomings, said he, she had no class of trained officials necessary to create a highly scientific, organized government of modern times, which was a *sine qua non* of her continued existence, nor did she have the enormous sums of money with which alone this program could be realized. In consequence, China would plunge into debt and destruction.

Then the world woke up. It did not wake up as much as it wanted to, because the World War was coming on. But there were twinges of the Christian conscience for the Christian awakenment prematurely of Japan and the washing of Christian hands of Christian keepership of victimized China.

Time had made it easier and easier for everybody to criticize China. It was easy enough when the church started the pace, when

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trade crystallized it in the world, and politics and diplomacy exploited it. It was easy enough before Japan took a hand in it. But when she became an example of progress, even to some Western nations, it became more easy to damn China than before it had been easy to complain of her. Christian civilization has the shame of knowing that Japan has damned China in its eyes merely by her virtues of military self-preservation. Constituting a large part of the civilized world, in men and area, the world's real center, and in modern times the cynosure of all eyes, it can be said that "of all sad words of tongue or pen" in the Pacific, "the saddest are these, it might have been" that China would have beaten Japan to a place in the family of nations. Her only friend is America and her only means of world expression the untrammeled but "goat" loving, vagarious, and irresponsible American press.

It is easy to see that what I have already said is merely an attempt to express the multitudinous answers that have been returned respecting what has been the matter with China in the past. To ask today what is the matter with China is a different thing. Up to the great epoch in China of 1905-11, the matter with China was that which is the matter with anybody whom everybody picks at. She was the acme of imperfection. But she was so bad, and all the rest of the world was so good, that each offset and nullified the other. The world got suspicious and commenced to look about in order to find out what actually was the matter. With grim humor a beacon was hung out on Fujiyama, greatly illuminating the scene. Some good things were said of China. There was a man, now dead, whose cry had come up from the Yangtse Valley that more per capita happiness existed among Chinese than among any people or civilization. It was Archibald Little, and his voice was remembered. Sir Robert Hart had confirmed the truth of the discovery that despised China alone had passed the diamond test. It was then that the question became: What is the matter with China *now?*

The Question Now

After the Russo-Japanese War the situation for China was altered. A period of temporary confusion and it became clear that China's trouble was Christian civilization's political irritant—modernized Japan. No enlightened Chinese would have held the view that the solution for China was to drive out Western peoples. On the contrary! And at the beginning of 1916, Japan masked her beacon and answered the present question: What is the matter with China? with a political bombshell.

The circumstances have been so extensively discussed that more is not required here than to state that *Japan, taking advantage of the*

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preoccupation of the whole world in an unprecedented war at the opposite side of the earth, first, under threats, *imposed a bond of secrecy upon China, and then demanded of her: uncontrolled extension of special rights within China's borders, the right to dispose of Germany's concessions in China, concessions for railways and mines, control of railways, mines, and mining regions, the extension of territorial and railway leases, the lease of land, the right of residence and of business of all kinds, together with the extension of ex-territoriality, imperial veto over railways and other securities for loans, advisers to the Chinese, the disposition of islands or ports, a market for munitions of war, for war and arsenal materials and loans, and a right of police masters and advisers to the Central Government.* In other words, she demanded what would be joint administration of the whole Japanese sphere north of the Great Wall—*in effect China's sanction to Japanese domination of China.*

Under compulsion, China conceded the majority of these demands; and, in reply to her resistance, to those involving sovereignty, Japan gave notice that she consented only to suspend them and that they would be presented later.

In the rich kaleidoscope of changing events in China, it would be wasting time to linger over the economical or ethical principles underlying these changes. All know the influence of Christian education and of American institutions there. The increase of population in East Asia and the financial demands which accompany reform and progress are sufficient answer to explain the economic turmoil. The effects of the introduction of modern industrialism into East Asia and of foreign competition are, in their general effects, everywhere clearly known. The assumption by Japan of industrial, commercial, and political leadership is also known. *A glance at Japanese literature shows that Japanese thought, working under the yet young Western yeast there, reeks with lugubrious reflections on Japan's wrongs and dangers at home and abroad, and Japan's destiny everywhere.* Her policy everywhere confirms this to be the spirit of her agents. Japan's population doubles itself in forty-five years; ditto Korea and China. Whites double in ninety years, sometimes never. Japan is the leader of East Asia and the Pacific. Therefore the future and the world are to Japan, and East Asia under Japan—this describes the prevailing Japanese imperialist notion of the world.

Answer of the Revolution

Japan had struck government by Chinese, at Pekin, which was setting out to save itself, a telling blow between the eyes, and placed itself in line with the rising revolution. What the quacks failed to see was that a monarchy could come in China only out of great stress and trial, such

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as had produced a republic, and such only as could produce the man for a monarchy, as it had produced the man for the republic. The situation found Japan, with all the great powers, save Germany and America at her back, still the master on the mainland, with no promise of help from the outside world. She was in line with the now enraged and winning republicans. Then came a characteristic Chinese patriot's analysis of the situation of his country. E. S. Ling, in a plea for the Republic, thus made one of the latest summaries of what is the matter with China.*

His words were: "China has suffered from pecuniary disasters, temporarily relieved, or thwarted by the contracting of enormous loans; while her boundless hidden treasures remain locked up inside the earth untouched. The very laborers, whom Old China was loath to keep at home, have today, under foreign colors, become the landlords and mine owners in the South Colonies [East Indies]. Pride and self-conceit in 1894 and barbarism inspired by superstition in 1900, almost sealed this country's doom. It is heartrending to depict the situation of our country. Fellow countrymen! China today is at stake! And her peril is 'so imminent as to burn the eyebrows.' The struggle is not one against race or creed, but one against brothers of the same family. Nothing is more tragic and suicidal than civil war. It serves as a stepping stone to territorial acquisition by some greedy power. 'While the kingfisher and the oyster are contending, then the fisherman reaps the benefit'—of seizing both."

In short, the struggle was one of uniting to oppose the "greedy power." All through the monarchical conspiracy is woven the thread of suspicion of Japan. In some places Japan is named outright; in others, she is referred to as "a certain foreign power," She is charged with having "lately forced England and Russia to take part in tendering advice to China [against the Monarchy] under the pretext that the Chinese people are not of one mind and that troubles are to be apprehended."

On the other hand, under the ever present shadow of Japan's demands, the official republican loyalists rose up to suppress the Monarchy, charged Yuan Shih-k'ai with impoverishing and debasing the country, and denounced his failure, at a time of "temporary relief from external danger."

The Onlooker's Answer

November, 1913, I stopped in Tokio to see the exiled Sun Yat-sen, first President of the Republic of China, who had taken refuge in Japan on the recent collapse of the second revolutionary rebellion. "I did not rebel against Yuan," said he. "I opposed him because of the policy of assassination and suppression he had adopted in order to prepare

* *North China Herald.*

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China for a monarchy. He has gone so far now that the only possible outcome of his course must be for him to make himself Emperor. He will do that."

So he did—no doubt with the object of saving China, saving it "in a time of international danger," by a "hair-breadth chance," from a "greedy power." The image of Yuan Shih-k'ai as a parricide, drawn by the republicans, to show China's situation, is sufficient evidence of what their conception of it is. With all the other great powers absent from East Asia, the matter with China centers in Japan—Japan the Chinese patriot's bug-bear.

The Cure

A country that in ten years has moved farther and faster than in the two thousand preceding years cannot justly be condemned from without. In the existing conditions, China's question is external. *Her problem is, what can she do with Japan?* The only answer to this question is that suggested by the rapid progress to consciousness in China, and by the military progress of the world generally. The most hopeful sign in China since the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty is the present rebellion against monarchy. If it succeeds it will demonstrate an important fact in Chinese progress, namely, that the Chinese know where they are going. It will show that a change of their form of government cannot be made any longer by conspiracy, that though they may know nothing about the fine points of a republic, they now know how to assert their new birth-right of volition in affairs that are a key to the interests of the whole world.

The bravery and peculiar efficiency of the Chinese soldier have never been successfully attacked. His greatest defamer has been his literary brother within. The American soldier of fortune, General Frederick Townsend Ward, by his success in building up an army that eventually broke in China the T'ai-ping Rebellion, long ago revealed in the Chinese a great reservoir of military talent, a martial mass which no plummet can measure. Christainity, foreign advice, reform, development, all have been panaceas offered for the salvation of China. It may be that the personad sacrifice of a Ward, or the help of a Gordon, is what she needs most. *There is no manner of doubt that if she could roundly thrash Japan, not only all China's worst troubles would be solved, but all those which Japan rails against.* China is aware of the value of thrashing Japan, or any large nation, and of the fact that from it there would accrue to her spiritual and material blessings greater than from everything else she could do combined. The light of history, awakened knowledge, and reason commend to her the treasure of the sword, the very "jewel in the lotus" of self-preservation and national life.

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OUR DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

The Facts

UNITED States Diplomats are the poorest paid, least representative servants of any nation on the globe.

They are all this and more, not through any fault of their own; but through the stumbling, hesitating, near-sighted, narrow-minded law-making machinery of the freedom-loving and liberal-spirited people they are supposed to represent.

Strange, seemingly paradoxical—but true!

Whether or not we are to be involved in bitter and costly war within the next ten years will depend largely upon the quality and efficiency of this branch of our Government.

In the first place, our Diplomatic Service has resorted necessarily to penurious practices. England, being close to us in sympathy and one with us in ideals, can understand; and they feel for our delegates to The Congress of the World an esteem mingled with friendly commiseration. France, also, shares this feeling, as do most of the States of Europe. But in Asia we are looked upon with Oriental amusement, and in South America with Latin condescension.

For which we have no one to blame but ourselves. If these people knew us as the mighty nation we really are, they would have for us a profound respect. But knowing us only by the men we send to them, their opinion of the U. S. A. is not always flattering. And it will continue to be such until we see fit to revise the Service.

Secondly, our Ambassadors, Envoys Extraordinary, Ministers Resident, Commercial Attachés, Consul-Generals, Consuls, and all deputies of our Government in foreign lands, receive almost without exception, man for man and office for office, less remuneration than similar deputies of the other civilized nations of the earth. This is a broad statement, but the existant data is more than sufficient to back me up in it. For instance, the salary of United States Ambassadors is fixed at $17,500, no matter where the post is or what the local conditions may be. Whereas, the salaries of Ambassadors from Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Germany, Austria, and every other European country, vary widely with the post—and are in all cases much in excess of what we pay.

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A few concrete facts will fix the point beyond question. The salaries of British Ambassadors to the leading countries are as follows:

United States	*$50,000*
France	*57,500*
Russia	*40,000*
Italy	*35,000*
Japan	*25,000*
Germany	*40,000*
Austria Hungary	*40,000*
Turkey	*40,000*

And in addition, residences and extra allowance for maintenance.

Furthermore, the salaries of French Ambassadors to the leading countries are as follows:

United States	*$28,500*
Great Britain	*36,000*
Russia	*36,000*
Italy	*25,000*
Japan	*16,000*
Germany	*27,000*
Austria	*27,000*
Turkey	*30,000*

And in addition, residences and extra allowance for maintenance.

The salaries of Russian Ambassadors to Great Britain, France, Austria, and Germany, are all $40,000; and to Italy, $32,000. With the addition of Government owned and maintained Embassies.

The salaries of Italian Ambassadors are in the vicinity of $22,000, plus a Government owned Embassy in each post, and an additional stipend for maintenance expenses.

The salaries of German Ambassadors do not go under $25,000 or exceed $37,500, and a residence is furnished in all cases.

The salaries of Austrian Ambassadors do not go under $31,000 or exceed $45,000, and a residence is furnished in almost every case.

And so I might continue. But The Facts repeat themselves, and the conclusion to be drawn is already reached. Our Diplomatic Service is an ungenerous arm of liberal Uncle Sam.

This brings me to the next point, which is that our foreign deputies fail properly to represent us as the democratic nation we are. For no individual unpossessed of a private fortune can possibly accept an Ambassadorial or Consular position, since the remuneration is not even sufficient to defray the expenses incurred in the proper dis-

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charge of the duties of office, let alone meet the necessary family and social obligations. Thus it is little wonder that men fitted only by dollars often qualify for the service, whereas citizens better adapted in every way are precluded by lack of funds. And still this United States is a democracy—the broadest type of democracy yet evolved.

William Howard Taft, as President, saw the injustice of the thing. He said, in part:

"We boast ourselves a democratic country. We say that there is no place within the gift of the people to which we may not select the most humble inhabitant, providing he be fit to discharge its duty; and yet we have an arrangement which makes it absolutely impossible for anyone but a millionaire to occupy the highest diplomatic post.

Now, I ask you whether that is consistency; whether it is not the purest kind of demagogy."

They are strong words, but none too strong—for until we conclude to pay the officers of our Government salaries sufficient to enable the poorest among us to discharge efficiently the most exalted duty, until that time we will not be a true democracy.

But the story does not end so soon. There are other phases of the situation. Our Diplomatic Service as it exists today is a hit-or-miss affair, based on an erroneous assumption, and lacking continuity of policy or equality of purpose. The men are not properly trained to the duties they are to discharge, to begin with. That is the hit-or-miss of it. Secretary W. H. Stayton, of the Navy League of the United States, says:

"People have talked much about the relative advantage of European diplomacy and ours. The fundamental fact concerning their diplomacy is that abroad a man is educated to be a diplomat and stays in the service practically all his life. He is in short a trained diplomat."

But in our country, men are simply catapulted into some Ambassadorial or Consular position, once the wires have been pulled and favor won, or party diligence rewarded, with little thought of their previous training or inherent diplomatic ability.

Regarding the erroneous assumption, it is this: that any millionaire is a diplomat. Of course it is not so. But we have yet to correct the error in practice. Then, with reference to continuity of policy and equality of purpose, let me offer an example in explanation. Suppose we send to Great Britain an Ambassador whose wealth is his largest asset. His aim will be to make as big a splurge as possible, do a lot of entertaining, meet a lot of "royalty," and be a social lion in general. Then suppose that when he has served his term we send over to take his place a man of altogether different temperament—a man of ideals, say. Then, *presto! chango!* we have

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a general stir-up. Entertaining wanes, " royalty " ecases to be met, and the mask of social lion is laid aside.

All this, of course, furnishes mingled amazement and consternation for the Ambassadors from other countries, who get the impression that we are a vacillating, inconsistent nation. That is what I mean when I say our Diplomatic Service lacks continuity of policy and equality of purpose.

The result is that the men who are supposed to represent us abroad often fail in their function. Secretary Stayton, of the Navy League of the United States, further says:

" The diplomacy which preceded the World War was a diplomacy of lies and deceit. Whatever the diplomat said to his government or to his government officers, he did not say it to his people, nor did his government report it to his people; but kept them, who were to bear all the burdens, in ignorance of what their masters were preparing."

Now that is not representation. We are a people who have striven honestly and steadily onward where the light of our ideals has led, fearless and with a high purpose ever before us. Yet we are willing to have a false impression registered in the centers of the world's civilization, when we could make a stand there for honor if we chose.

Another, and probably the most humiliating defect in this branch of our Government is its refusal to furnish our foreign representatives with permanent residences—a thing to which the majority of the other enlightened nations have long since seen. Surprising as it may appear, the United States Government possesses few permanent Embassy or Consular buildings in Europe, and our diplomatic officers are compelled to seek lodgings here and there and everywhere, in hotels, over barrooms, in broken-down villas, and no end of obscure places. All of which takes from the dignity and value and efficiency of the Service. For what was the United States Embassy one year may very likely be vacant or contain a new tenant the following year. Consequently, the whereabouts of our diplomatic staff in any city is a matter of no little uncertainty. Whereas Great Britain, France, and the other leading nations can point with pride to fine, permanent, efficient structures of the sort—landmarks for decades past and for decades to come.

Joseph H. Choate, one-time Ambassador to Great Britain, circulated some years ago a story which immediately became famous, for the reason that it so clearly and with such fine humor branded the deficiency in question. It happened that he was walking the streets of London late one particularly damp and disagreeable night, when suddenly a police officer accosted him and suggested that he had

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better be hurrying home. Whereupon Mr. Choate made the astounding reply: "I have no home. I am the American Ambassador."

It is just such a condition, generally, stripped of its humor, that makes our foreign deputies, unless they are possessed of the patience of Job and the fortune of Midas, unhappy in their hearts, dissatisfied with the handicap they must bear, humble before the efficiency of European deputies, and glad to get back to the U. S. A.

There was a time when I myself considered entering the United States Diplomatic Service. But fortunately I first made careful inquiry, and investigated the matter from widely divergent angles. I learned that the Service requires a man to go about more or less socially. I further discovered that the pay is so very small a man usually becomes quite disgusted within a year or two; for in the Consular Service many Vice-Consuls receive a salary of only $1,000 a year, and it is usually two or three years before they are promoted. During this time they must associate with Diplomatic and Consular Officers of other Governments, who are well paid; and they must maintain a certain dignity and station. Moreover, I was informed that I would doubtless be obliged to consume a good portion of my salary in traveling expenses for which the Government would not recompense me; and I was told an incident of a Consul in a distant port who was suddenly recalled to a different post, after he had rented a home and bought several hundred dollars' worth of furniture—and who was obliged to sell out at auction, for almost nothing, then buy with his own money tickets to the post in question for himself and family! In short, I was given to understand that unless I had a private income of my own, it would be next to impossible to make the Diplomatic Service a career.

As a result, I have abandoned whatever aspirations I might have at one time entertained in that direction. Previous impressions notwithstanding, now I know that I shall never again think of diplomacy without a dollar sign in front of it.

The Reason

Briefly, I have outlined The Facts regarding our Diplomatic Service. In a sentence, *it needs Government financing.* We finance our industries, by a protective tariff. We finance our merchant marine, by a subsidy (in theory, at least). We finance our railroads, our municipal governments, our farmers, our bankers, our brokers,—somehow or another we finance all the machinery of our progress. And that is why it *is* progress. How is it, then, that we do not finance our Diplomatic Service? But before considering The Remedy, let me point out in a few paragraphs The Reason; for inefficiency always has a reason.

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It is a peculiar reason, born of the fallacy that in a democratic country, service to the Government unless it is "pork" should be had for as nearly nothing as possible. It is the same reason that allows our President only one eighth as much yearly as a certain well-known man in the "movies" is said to make; the same reason that fails quite always properly to recompense public men for the discharge of Government functions; the same reason that has filled our Senate and national House with wealth, and made it difficult for citizens of limited means thus to serve their country.

Before The Remedy can be applied, this fallacy must be rooted up and cast away, and the people of the United States must be made to realize that the best service is efficient service; and that efficient service is necessarily well-paid service. There never was a machine that could run at full capacity with cheap or faulty parts. There never was a business that could be conducted at maximum efficiency in inferior quarters, and with a disorganized and ill-remunerated office force. And there never was, nor will there ever be, a Government that can be conducted at top service with bottom prices.

Strange as it seems, this obvious truth has been a vast while dawning; and the eastern horizon is not very light with it yet. For longer than anyone cares to remember, at more or less spasmodic intervals, efforts to introduce legislation for the improvement of our Diplomatic Service have been made; but they have at all times been fraught with failure.

Why? Because of the aforesaid stumbling, hesitating, near-sighted, narrow-minded viewpoint of those persons who are the machinery of law-making. It is a strange thing, but in all democracies the conservative element sooner or later gets into power—and stays there. That is the case in the United States. We are a red-blooded, enthusiastic, radical people, a dominant per cent of us. But the men whom we have chosen to make our laws for us are not radical. They are not enthusiastic. If they are red-blooded, that blood flows strangely deep!

Perhaps it is well for our country that this is so. Perhaps it is a good thing that our young spirits are not allowed to run away with us. Conservatism has its advantages. It acts as a stabilizer. But there is such a thing as too much conservatism, and that is precisely the situation we face today—not alone with regard to our Diplomatic Service, but in every quarter that progressive thought may turn.

Thus, the whole problem narrows down to a discussion of ways and means for toning up our law-making machinery, of injecting some "pep" into our legislators; or, if this is beyond the realms of possibility, of supplanting old timber with new. When we have done this, then the way will be clear for progressive legislation; then we will

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be able to introduce the much-needed reforms that the "old line" has balked at for so long.

Such a toning up process is going to require a more vital and immediate interest in Governmental affairs by a larger and more youthful number of citizens than have ever before in the history of our country concerned themselves with the sterner duties of citizenship. It is going to require all the fight and force and brains of the generation that is, and of the generation that is to be. And it is going to result in making the United States the most progressive nation on the globe—whereas we now stand far to the rear in all but "dollar-chasing."

There is the task that lies before us. And when we have faced it and completed it, the remark I heard a man make not long ago will no longer be conceivable. He said (and not a few other men who were present voiced similar opinions): "Oh, what good is our Diplomatic Service any way? It never got us anywhere. All those fellows do is go over across and sling the gab with a lot of other muck-a-mucks—and play the society stunt. There's nothing to it!"

Nothing to it! At the time of the Civil War, but for the patient and personal work of Ambasador Adams, we would have been embroiled in a ruinous conflict with Great Britain. That is only one instance. Were there space, I could give a dozen, for our history is full of delicate situations nicely smoothed over by the masterful work of our diplomats. And yet this man, in his typical ignorance, saw "nothing to it!" The Diplomatic situation in the last two years has left the United States not the most popular country in the world.

The Remedy

I have hinted at the change in attitude that must precede any actual modification of conditions, a change not to be expected over night, nor in a year or two; but a slow change, working steadily through decades. However, we who are young will see that time arrive when The Remedy can be applied. *The Remedy is this: Government ownership and upkeep of Embassies and Consulates in every quarter of the globe where civilization and Christianity have reached; and, in addition, an increase in the salaries of all Diplomatic officers commensurate with the dignity and might of the great Republic that we are.*

The cost? A great deal of money. A great deal more money than most conservatives like to think about—possibly a quarter-billion dollars in the end. But is that so large an amount to part with for a permanent monument to peace?

You ask me how this money is to be expended? I have it on good authority that the cost of a completely equipped Embassy is in

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the neighborhood of $300,000. This includes upkeep, maintenance, and all other expenses. Now, we need not more than twenty of these Embassies, one each in the twenty leading capitals of the world. That would make $6,000,000. Add to it a salary of $50,000 for each Ambassador, and the whole is swelled to $7,000,000.

Now, the interest on $250,000,000 at 4 per cent is $10,000,000. And the difference between $7,000,000 and $10,000,000 is $3,000,000. This $3,000,000, expended in paying the salaries of Consuls and other envoys, and in gradually acquiring Consulates in the cities of the globe, would prove to be ample. Remember, I am discussing business, not philanthropy. The proposition is financially sound. Dollars invested in real-estate and buildings in foreign countries are bound to increase in number with the passage of time, as facts show. Nearly all of Great Britain's Embassies and Consulates have ascended in value since their acquisition. The same is true of France, Italy, Russia, Germany, and the other Powers. Even the United States has found that its property has boomed. Tokyo, Pekin, Constantinople, Tangier, Tahiti, Yokohama, Amoy—their values all have doubled, some trebled.

So it is seen that I am not asking the Government, from a money point of view, to do anything more radical than give itself an opportunity to invest at a good profit. But it will not seize the opportunity. It will stumble and hesitate; it will continue to be near-sighted and narrow-minded; and our Diplomatic Service will continue to be deficient until such time as the toning up has finally taken complete effect. Then, and not until then, can The Remedy be applied with success.

THE PAWN SHOP WINDOW

EMILY BEATRICE GNAGEY

I paused to see the wanton gaudy show,
What motley mass comprised this wealth of woe:

A treasured toy, a tool, a violin,
A volume rare, all thumbed and worn within,—

The wreckage of the luckless and the lost,
Uncharted, starless souls, and counter crossed.

And, peering close, some curious thing to choose,
One corner showed a baby's crumpled shoes.

That greed should gamble in such ghastly prize!
I staggered on unseeing, worldly wise.

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BUREAUCRACY AND THE ARMY

THE rejection of a machine gun which has the approval of the fighting forces of Europe, and an alleged attempt to strangle the development of the volunteer aviation service, are the high spots, at the present moment, in an upheaval in which it is not impossible that gross incompetency—and perhaps worse—will be revealed in the departmental control of the United States Army.

Army affairs, beneath the surface, in Washington, are buzzing, and it is known that plans are under way to make the biggest assault in history upon the hitherto impregnable citadel of the fossilized chiefs of the War Department—otherwise known as the " Army Ring." A determined group of men have set themselves to the task of breaking down old barriers, to the end that the big Congressional appropriations will be spent to the best possible advantage.

The Army organization of this country is probably the least efficient in the world. It combines with a perversity that sometimes seems to touch the heights of genius, the worst features of all systems. Generally speaking, Army department heads everywhere are formalistic and reactionary, and it is usually found in the event of war that the very first step toward victory is reorganization of Army personnel. We have not had a real war since 1898, and that was not much of a war; no opportunity has thus offered for a break up of fixed and unchangeable provincialisms.

In Europe, the General Staff is the supreme power. It not only maps out the campaigns in time of war, but also directs the organization, armament, and general conduct of the Army in time of peace. The General Staff decrees are absolute.

All other bureaus and departments are merely agents for the execution of General Staff orders.

The United States formerly had no General Staff at all; the Army was managed entirely by bureaus within the War Department, and the result was an unparalleled inefficiency. In response to a concerted movement the General

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Staff was organized, but, as so frequently happens with legislation that interferes with or might interfere with Washington's departmental tranquillity, Congress under strong secret pressure from the "back-stair" contingent in the Army, made the General Staff only a name. The Chief of Staff was detailed from among the Major-Generals to serve during a period not exceeding four years. The Staff might recommended, but the bureaus of the War Department could take or leave the recommendations precisely as they chose. Thus it is seen that the General Staff was created as a purely conversational organization. The real Army power remained with the Adjutant General, the Inspector General, the Judge Advocate General, the Quartermaster General, and the Chief of Ordnance. Under the Hay Army Bill, which says so much and means so little, the General Staff is expressly forbidden to exercise power over any arm of the service or bureau of the War Department. The Army has no central organization.

The General Staff, with its changing personnel, is a body of ideas and of progress. The bureau chiefs do not change, and their tendencies are wholly reactionary after the manner of bureaucratic personages the world over. The General Staff, when a new idea comes before it, has an eagerness to know all that can be known. The bureaus, on the other hand, approach every new idea with suspicion, unless the idea happens to originate with the bureau itself. This attitude is historic and goes back to the first organization of the War Department. The bureaus rejected the aeroplane, the Maxim machine gun, the Gatling gun, the Gathmann guns, the revolver, the modern high power infantry rifle, the Brown segmental wire-wound gun, the high explosives—in fact every invention of note by a civilian or even by an Army officer, who did not happen to be a member of a bureau, has either been flatly rejected or adopted only after a vast amount of petty bickering. The inventions were turned down by solemn official boards appointed ostensibly to investigate, but usually to bury the matter before them. The attitude of boards in general was neatly expressed by an Army officer

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who described them as "something that is long and narrow and generally wooden."

The investigating boards have not changed with the years, in spite of the fact that many of the devices of which they disapproved were later forced upon the War Department by foreign practice, after the inventor disposed of his patents in Europe. The United States has been called upon to pay many hundreds of thousands of dollars in needless royalties.

Here is the attitude of one inventor: "I know, from a somewhat bitter personal experience of more than thirty years, that it would be both futile and foolish for me or any other American inventor outside the bureau itself to offer any ordnance invention to the Ordnance Bureau, in the hope that it would find encouragement or acceptance."

The General Staff and the bureaus had contented themselves with desultory skirmishes—few of which ever reached the public—until the European war woke the spirit of preparedness in the nation and caused a large number of intelligent civilians actively to interest themselves in seeing that their country was efficiently defended. The civilian interest was largely aroused by Colonel Roosevelt and Major General Leonard Wood. One of the first results was the Plattsburg idea of maintaining training camps for civilians. It is not generally known that the bureaus at Washington vigorously opposed this particular form of civilian training for no reason other than that it was new and had originated with General Wood. They gracelessly withdrew active opposition only because they feared the public clamor. General Wood was at one time Chief of Staff, and he has never been *persona grata* with the bureau heads. His rapid rise and his progressive notions have made him a pet antipathy with the "Army Ring." This antipathy expresses itself from time to time in various slights and in attempts to investigate his military honors from a hostile standpoint. What makes the situation yet more irritating to the chiefs is that General Wood goes calmly on his course trying out new inventions and new schemes for the betterment of the Army.

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General Wood advocates a central control of the Army vested in the General Staff, and in this he is supported by Colonel Roosevelt, Robert Bacon, and all the prominent civilian workers for preparedness. Against this force, which is entirely unselfish, and working only for the good of the service, is the bureaucratic stone wall at Washington, with its lobby adjuncts and power, if not to influence, at least to nullify any Congressional action.

The progressives, which include most of the younger officers of the Army and all of the higher officers who have seen service, are determined now to make their fight against bureau domination—let the chips fall where they may. This is what is behind the drive on the Lewis machine gun, and by the Aero Club of America on the War Department.

The history of the Lewis machine gun and the War Department is highly revealing of bureau politics. Captain Lewis managed to make himself disliked by the Ordnance Bureau years before he invented his gun—and the memory of a bureau is long. He trod roughly three times upon pet corns.

The Ordnance Department was notoriously muddled, in companionship with the other departments, during the Spanish War. A Congressional investigation was ordered. It was found that the shells used in the Porto-Rican campaign in 1898 were filled with smokeless powder instead of with a more powerful explosive. Captain Lewis was a witness before the committee, and he put the blame where it belonged; he testified that the Ordnance Department, in the face of every military lesson to the contrary, had ordered smokeless powder. The department had previously distinguished itself by opposing the use of fixed ammunition for field guns on the ground that the brass cartridge cases might cut the hoofs of the horses. Fixed ammunition is used everywhere in the world—at the present day and, at the time of its rejection by the Ordnance Department, throughout Europe.

This testimony of Captain Lewis did not ingratiate him with the Ordance Bureau. Then General Miles sent him to Europe to study military material abroad. He brought back

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a report showing that the United States was years behind Europe. But his most severe criticism, as an officer of the Coast Artillery, was of the Crozier disappearing gun carriage. General Crozier, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, had equipped the coast defense guns with disappearing carriages, at a great cost. Captain Lewis pointed out that, although the carriage had many good features, it operated to reduce the range of the gun and therefore our coast artillery was far less efficient than it should be. It has since been demonstrated that this bureau pet so shortened the hitting radius that a fleet armed with guns of exactly the same size and power as our own could have knocked the forts to pieces without being touched by the shore rifles because they could not be elevated to attain the long range. The disappearing carriages are now being replaced.

Captain Lewis received due reward for his temerity. He was detailed to a post in the far Northwest—a billet that amounted to an exile. In isolation, Major Lewis worked out the design for a machine gun which was the first model of his present weapon.

The Lewis gun was brought to the attention of the War Department in 1909, at which time Colonel Lewis offered it without charge—he offered to make a gift of it to the government. The bureau opposition was instant and vigorous. For two years Colonel Lewis attempted to give his gun to the army; perfunctory tests were held, but the merits of the gun were really never inquired into, and the gun was never officially approved. In 1912, General Wood, who was then Chief of Staff, desired to equip the two lonely aeroplanes, which the Army then possessed, with machine guns. He asked that the Lewis gun be furnished, because of its lightness and simplicity. Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, then on furlough in New York, had the guns built at his own expense, took them to Washington, and again offered them to the Government without charge. He asked that the War Department furnish the needed ammunition, and to this General Wood at once agreed.

The order for the ammunition was issued and approved

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by the Chief of Staff. Then the order reached the Ordnance Department, where, learning that the cartridges were for the Lewis gun, the requisition was promptly pigeon-holed and the gun was not tried out. This is in spite of the fact that Captain Chandler, one of the army aviators, had a short time before tested the weapon from an aeroplane with conspicuous success.

In the meantime, some one became enamored of the Benet-Mercier machine gun, and with a gun of the Vickers type. Neither of these guns was suited to aeroplane use and both were of foreign manufacture. It is significant that the Benet-Mercier, although a French gun, had never been adopted by the French Army and is used by England in the reserves.

Colonel Lewis, disgusted with his treatment at home, asked to be placed on the retired list; and in November, 1913, offered his gun to the British Army. A test was made at Bisely, and England at once snapped up the gun. England is now using thirty thousand of the Lewis guns in France and they are firing fifteen million rounds of ammunition every twenty-four hours. The Royal Flying Corps, after tests in actual warfare, is exclusively equipped with the Lewis gun. The other day Lord Hugh Cecil said in the House of Commons that "it is a weapon that is the envy of all Europe." Reports indicate that Germany is making a gun on the Lewis model.

Although "not approved," the United States has two hundred of the Lewis guns which it obtained from the British, and which are shooting British cartridges. Fifty of these were had for the aero service because an officer of the Signal Corps specified the Lewis gun and no other. Three hundred and fifty-three have been bought for the National Guard; and a machine gun company, recently organized in New York, will use the Lewis.

In spite of the European success the Lewis gun is not adopted by the United States. General Wood last summer held a competitive field trial at Plattsburg between the Lewis, the Benet-Mercier, and the Vickers guns. A board, headed

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by Major Halsted Dorey, found that although the three guns were more or less alike in mobility, "the superiority of the Lewis gun in every other particular was clearly demonstrated." General Wood in a letter to the War Department, said: "It is easily the best machine gun I have ever seen, and it is certainly three to one in value over the Benet-Mercier." The proponents of the Lewis gun say that the Ordnance Department has invariably refused to give it a fair test.

Here is a significant fact. Congress has appropriated $12,000,000 for the purchase of machine guns which will be bought under the supervision of the Ordnance Department. The concern which now makes the Lewis gun, which was once offered free to the government, has never succeeded in breaking into the charmed circle. The Ordnance Department is abandoning the Benet-Mercier and is taking up the Vickers gun, which is made by the same concern as the Benet-Mercier. The Benet-Mercier cost $1200 apiece, the new Vickers will cost $3000 each, while the Lewis gun complete is sold for $750! Twelve million dollars is a lot of money.

Another most lively topic of disagreement with the War Department concerns the spending of nearly ten million dollars for training the National Guardsmen in aircraft and for organizing twelve aero squadrons for the twelve militia divisions of the United States.

The Aero Club of America has been striving for two years to put the aviation arm of the service upon a workmanlike basis, and has succeeded in persuading Congress to grant large appropriations to insure the development of this highly important auxiliary. The War Department received the money eagerly, but listen to what Mr. Henry Woodhouse, Secretary of the Club, says of the present activities:

"The evidence shows that the Aviation Section does not want an increase of Army aviators, does not want the National Guard to have training in aviation, has not carried out the plans to organize the Aerial Reserve Corps authorized last July by President Wilson; has only one aero

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squadron in service ready to meet an emergency; is only establishing three aviation training schools when ten are needed; is hurting the sources of supply required for national defense, instead of developing them; has a corps of inspectors who are ignorant of the first principles of aeronautics; has disgusted hundreds of volunteers and workers for national defense with its destructive actions; dissipated the resources developed in two years of work—and although the Army has $13,281,666 to spend in aeronautics, there are no immediate prospects of a substantial air service."

A "double cross" is strongly suspected. The appropriation by Congress was made through the co-operation of the War Department and the civilian aviators, with the understanding that the National Guard was to be trained in flight. The Army officers insisted upon an exact wording of the appropriation clause by which the funds should be expended at "the discretion" of the War Department. Now it turns out that the department in its "discretion" has decided to limit the expenditure for training the National Guardsmen to the trivial sum of $76,000—which sum will be absolutely useless. Mr. Allen R. Hawley, the president of the Aero Club, has the following to say of the action: "This is only one of the evidences of a most amazing state of affairs existing, and is the climax of a period of incredibly destructive attitude on the part of those in charge of upbuilding our aerial defenses, a period during which this attitude has destroyed the work of two years, and has not only delayed the solving of the problem of getting the personnel for our air service, but is disgusting the thousands of National Guardsmen and civilians who volunteered to join the Air Service and the tens of thousands who have worked to develop our aerial resources for national defense. We have had occasion to bring some of these conditions to your attention repeatedly in the past three months; it is now our duty to present the entire situation to you and to the public, so that the obstacles which are preventing the development of our aerial defenses may be removed, and steps be taken

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to prevent the loss of valuable aeronautic resources which this country needs so badly."

The War Department again evidenced its deep interest in aviation and its intimate acquaintance with aviators the other day by compiling a list of about 800 persons whom they understood had "flown" heavier-than-air machines in the United States." They thought it might be well to have the names and addresses of these men listed with the department, and therefore sent the list on to a magazine which is devoted to flying, with an appeal for help in locating the aviators. Here are a few of the names with which the aviation section of the Signal Corps was apparently unacquainted: Glenn H. Curtiss, from whom the War Department actually purchases aeroplanes; Captain Thomas F. Baldwin, who has been a government aviation expert and who designed the only balloon owned by the United States Navy; W. Starling Burgess, a noted builder of aeroplanes; Glenn L. Martin, who is building the Army training machines at Los Angeles; Lawrence B. Sperry, who invented the stabilizer; and finally Orville Wright, one of the famous Wright brothers, who are known from one end of the world to the other. The department also asked for the addresses of five aviators who are at present employed by the government as instructors, and requested to know where Vincent Astor, Harold F. McCormick, J. Armstrong Drexel, and other prominent citizens interested in aeronautics, were located. The request was typical of the bureau mind, and injected an element of comedy into an otherwise strained situation.

The open breaks with the Ordnance Department and with the Aviation Service are only incidents. Similar investigations are under way in every bureau of the War Department, and it is likely that a number of freshly made graves will be reopened in the archives to inspect what the autocrats have really been at. Several sensations are promised.

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THE PRAYER

H. Thompson Rich

At sunset, in a foreign land,
A Christian, at his soul's command,
Hearing a distant angelus ring,
Turned in his aimless wandering
  And made his way, by dale and hill,
  To a little church, retired and still—
  Led by some higher, nobler Will.

And there he paused, outside the door,
Weary and foot-worn, tired and sore,
Scarce knowing wherefore he had come,
Strangely quiet, strangely numb:
  And as he stood there, people passed
  Or lingered; a small group amassed;
  They entered, and his heart beat fast.

A while he wavered, sad, alone,
Awed by a creed he had never known,
Wondering whether to go or stay,
Now led to tarry, now led away;
  Then, none to lose and all to win,
  Abashed by penitence and sin—
  He opened the door and entered in.

Around about him people bowed,
And murmured humbly, half aloud;
Staggered, he sank on his knees there,
And over him surged the seas of prayer:
  "Oh, God, have mercy on one brought low;
  I have been narrow; even so. . . .
  Pity me, God, I did not know!"

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THE NAVY AS A CAREER

COMMANDER R. K. CRANK, UNITED STATES NAVY

ASSUMING that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are the objectives of every man, what does a place in the Navy offer to a young American who has come to that point in life where he must decide what he will do to make a living for himself? This question arises whenever it becomes necessary to write an advertisement for recruiting; and the Navy Department requires that there be a strict adherence to the truth in every recruiting advertisement. Shall appeal be made to the material side or to the patriotic side of the prospective recruit; or to the love of travel and adventure—the romantic side—which resides in the heart of nearly every young American? If only the young man—the son—had to be considered, the decision would easily be reached; but the usually ignorant and sceptical parent (particularly the misinformed, fond, and fearful mother) must, above all others, first be convinced and won over.

The greatest obstacles to recruiting, in adequate numbers, of the kind of young men now sought for the Navy arise from the woeful and surprising ignorance and misconception on the part of American parents as to what the Navy offers to their sons, as to the character of the men with whom these sons would be associated in the Navy, as to the life and training in the Navy, and as to the environment and influence which would surround their sons in the Navy. This state of mind is due, amongst other things, to the fact that we are not a military nation; the generation of 1861 has passed—and with it, the live memories of a long and bloody war. The average American, particularly those of the interior towns, despite all his reading of newspapers and his supposedly superior intelligent interest in the running of the Government, is very provincial. His outlook is limited by the confines of his own little community or State. The traditional aloofness of his country from world politics has fostered his indifference to international affairs. He has never considered the question of national policy and the relation thereto of the armed forces by which, in the final analysis, the policy of any country must be upheld. Since the Navy does not touch his life directly (or, rather, he has never realized that it does), his interest in and knowledge of the Navy are slight. His life and thought, free from the menace which has ever threatened his European brother and centered wholly on the petty affairs of himself and his own little community, have, as a rule, never included any consideration of the *raison d'etre* of the Navy. The work of the Navy did not concern or affect his business, so why concern himself about the Navy.

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The officers and men of the Navy were and are to him as unreal as the characters in a story-book: the blue-jacket, a vague and possibly picturesque, simple-minded, hard-drinking, hard-fighting cross between the musical-comedy sailor and the rowdy of the streets; the officer, rather a swash-buckling, petty tyrant. In 1905, on the occasion of the first visit to Provincetown, Massachusetts, of the Atlantic Fleet under Admiral Evans, when the men of the fleet were permitted to go ashore, the people shut themselves up in their houses—apparently fearing that the town would be sacked; three years later, these same people bewailed the abandonmnt of Provincetown as summer headquarters for the fleet. They had learned to like the blue-jacket. Discrimination at public places of amusement and resort against men of the Army and Navy in uniform, and solely on account of the apparently popular prejudice against the uniform, was common—until legislation against such discrimination was enacted. I conducted a fight against the proprietors of a public place of amusement in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1911, because of such discrimination; and the people of Portsmouth complained bitterly because blue-jackets, in this self-same slighted uniform, were not ordered to take part in the Memorial Day parade there a few weeks later. Until comparatively recently, judges would give, to culprits brought before them, the alternative of imprisonment or enlistment in the Navy—until newspaper clamor brought about a change of heart and of practice on the part of the judges. In places where the blue-jacket of today is known, there has been a decided change of attitude towards him; in other places, the old tradition, ignorance and prejudice still exist and persist.

What is the truth? The American blue-jacket of today is, with a few exceptions, no longer the drunken, rowdy sailor-man of popular tradition. A great change has come over the Navy—not that drunkenness and rowdyism were ever tolerated, but that the conditions and requirements of life in the Navy now call for a different type of man. There is no longer place for the incorrigible and incompetent. In 1910, when the fleet steamed to Gravesend, England, and large numbers of the blue-jackets visited London, surprise was expressed that most of the men were to be seen at such places as Westminster Abbey and the Tower, with guidebooks in hand, rather than at the bars, drinking. In October, 1913, when the fleet visited the Mediterranean, the Mayor of Marseilles felt constrained to write a letter to the admiral in praise of the splendid behavior of our men when ashore on leave. The world-cruise of the fleet in 1908-09 brought only praise for the behavior of the men, when ashore, in many ports.

Of course, there are men who disgrace the uniform when ashore; but they are the exceptions. The great majority of our men are respectable and self-respecting, with a proper pride in the Service and

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in the uniform they wear. No mother need have fear that her son will suffer from the associates or the atmosphere by which he will be surrounded in the Navy. No parent whose son has been through the course of training given to men at any one of the four great naval training-stations at Newport, Great Lakes (Illinois), Norfolk, and San Francisco can justly say that his son was not improved in every way by this training—mentally, morally, psychically, and physically—emerging therefrom with a new sense of responsibility, of duty, of obligation, of discipline, and of respect for the opinion and authority of others.

As to the material advantages offered a young man by the Navy, my views are summed up in the following parallel taken from a recruiting-advertisement which I formulated six months ago:

Do You Wish To
SEE THE WORLD, SAVE MONEY, LEARN A TRADE, AND SERVE YOUR COUNTRY?

Do YOU wish to make a GOOD START or a CHANGE in life? If you do, the UNITED STATES NAVY offers to YOU, AMERICAN CITIZENS of good character, of ages between 17 and 30 inclusive, and in sound physical condition, the BEST CHANCE; and after four years, or less, well spent, to *come back home healthy, strong, athletic,* and with a trade, *better fitted to make your way in the world.*

What have you got NOW in the way of a job? What prospect for the future? Think over this. Then find out what the Navy offers you. Check up each and every item in the two columns below; compare each item in the Civil Life column with the opposite item in the Navy column. Then judge for yourself which column sums up the higher.

READ EVERY WORD OF THIS

IN CIVIL LIFE	IN THE NAVY
1. Jobs uncertain; strikes, layoffs, sickness.	1. Steady job, good pay—CLEAR money.
2. Promotion slow and uncertain.	2. Promotion quick, for good men.
3. Favoritism often shown.	3. No unfairness; the best man wins.
4. Pay small while learning trade.	4. Pay good, with chance to learn a trade.
5. Same old tiresome grind every day.	5. Travel, education, change of scene.
6. Gloomy, stuffy, uninteresting working-place.	6. Fresh air, sun, sea; healthy athletic life.
7. Sick? Pay stops, doctor bill starts.	7. Sick? Pay goes on; doctor and hospital free.
8. If disabled, or injured, little or no pay	8. If disabled, you get a pension.
9. If you die, your family gets only what you have saved from your small wages.	9. If you die, any time during enlistment, 6-months' pay goes to your family.
10. Little CLEAR money; nearly all your pay goes for living expenses.	10. Your pay is CLEAR money; a $60.00 clothing outfit free on enlistment.
11. Old age, little saved, your job goes to a younger man.	11. After 30 years' service, retirement on 3-4 pay, plus $15.75 for allowances.

NOTE: Every year 25 men (under twenty years of age) are picked, by competitive examination, to go to the Naval Academy, Annapolis, to be educated and trained as officers.

Although a number of papers (9) were brought to my notice, mostly those of rabidly socialistic color, assailing the above description of the conditions of Civil Life, as outlined in the first column (conditions for which they held the Government responsible), it is not be-

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lieved that the comparison is unfairly favorable to the Navy. Every statement in the second column can be substantiated by anyone who cares to investigate.

To the forward-looking young man (unfortunately, most young men live entirely in the present, with little thought or reck of the future), the Navy, as a permanent career, offers much that is worth serious consideration. Suppose that a young man, between the ages of 17 and 20, decides to enlist in the Navy and then continues to serve, continuously, for 30 years (the period of continuous service requisite for securing the privilege and benefits of retirement). If he displays reasonable aptitude and ability, he should (and certainly will) be advanced within ten years, at the outside, to the position of Chief Petty Officer; and, after serving 30 years, having reached the age of 47 or 50, he can retire. His retired-pay, plus the allowances ($15.75 per month) for heat and light and quarters and subsistence, would amount to a total of $100 per month and would be paid to him till death. *This amount—$1,200 a year—would be paid to him, regularly and surely every month, by United States check; consider that this is the equivalent of the income from an investment of $20,000 in six per cent. bonds—and without any of the risks of even the best investments. How many average men in civil life who, having worked hard and faithfully at one or many jobs, can, at the age of 50, feel any assurance that they will be kept at work; or, if unable to continue work, that they can quit work with a pension of $1,200 a year?*

For years, the way to a commission has been open to enlisted men—although it was rather a long and arduous way. Now, any intelligent boy, under 20 years of age, who has been in the Navy for a year, can take the competitive examination for appointment to Annapolis. The last Congress authorized the making of twenty-five such appointments per year from the ranks; before, the number had been fifteen per year.

A mother wrote to me: "How would you like to have your son become a common sailor?" I replied that, in my opinion, the bluejacket of the United States Navy is, in no sense of the term, a common sailor but, on the contrary, a very uncommon sailor. His general well-being is looked out for in every way; he is a picked man; he enjoys many privileges and advantages; he has many opportunities for travel, education, and self-improvement. He gets a "something" from the life and training which puts him in a distinct class. From an experience of nearly thirty years in the Navy, I have no hesitancy in recommending to the careful consideration of every young man, and of his parents, the United States Navy as a training-school and a career.

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BRIDGING THE CHASM BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR

GEORGE WEISS

Let peace replace strife.
Restore harmony between manufacturers and their workers.
Heighten the feeling that only unity can bring contentment.
Let the welfare of the people be the final arbiter in industrial disputes.
Bring to an end the acrid campaign of calumny and assault against business now prevalent in town councils, state, and national legislatures.
Establish a triumvirate of the People, Labor, and Capital for the conservation of American industries.

THESE are the aims of a movement now under full headway known as National Industrial Conservation Movement. This movement has been inaugurated by the National Association of Manufacturers, in co-operation with numerous chambers of commerce and boards of trade, properly to inform the mis-informed, to make the thoughtless thoughtful, to prove beyond a scintilla of doubt that greater benefits will flow to every element of society, to every individual in the land, by substituting mutual interest for the present spirit of reprisal. The industrial conservation movement has a lesson to spread that is mean for the Employer, the Worker, and the Public.

The same principles that caused the workingmen to form unions are now being adopted by American employers so that the majority shall not suffer for the faults of the minority. Strength that comes from a unity of purpose is to bring about a solution of the problems that so-called reformers, bigots, demagogues, and others of the same ilk have inflicted on all factors of industry.

Early this year the labor problem assumed such proportions that the employers of the country deemed it necessary to form an employers' union to conserve American industry—a union of this type being as essential to labor as it is to capital. Colonel George Pope, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, analyzed the situation in the following words: "Unjustifiable attacks on manufacturers as a class, for evils which are tolerated and perpetrated by some employers, large and small, but who constitute only a small part of the employing forces of the country. Examples of such evils are: grinding child labor, unsanitary conditions in factory and shop, failure to protect against accidents." Such conditions as these for which the more

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important industrial interests are not responsible result, Colonel Pope says, in "unfair cartoons, editorials which habitually and recklessly indict the whole class of manufacturers for the outrages perpetrated by the occasional black sheep of industry; the incessant fusillade of soap-box demagogues, whose illogical rain of invective is recklessly showered upon the just and unjust alike, and whose oratorical incendiarism would cure industrial evils by destroying industry itself."

It is believed that a common interest basis of industrial conservation will furnish a panacea for class legislation, for the feeling that the manufacturers are "hogging the wealth created by the masses," that excessive taxation on industry only takes money from the pocket of the "Robber Baron" for the benefit of the "Average Citizen"; and that the constant harassing of business is or will be of ultimate benefit to the worker and to the public.

In the course of this article I shall review conditions that have led up to compelling the employers to do something for their own protection, to counter-balance constructively the campaign of misunderstanding that the misled or selfish bigots and demagogues have waged, and which now threatens our domestic industrial development.

Biting the Hand That Feeds You

The thriving industrial cities of to-day are those that seek to do the best for their industries. The practice of giving factory sites free to manufacturers as an incentive to locate in the smaller communities and the relieving of such industries from municipal taxation for a period of years is still in vogue. There are many towns well located with respect to railroad facilities and waterways, and also convenient to good labor markets, that are seeking industries. Yet, despite this competition for industries, there are many cities that are actually hostile to them. Some are unwittingly driving away the support of the populace. Look at Paterson, N. J., Fall River, Brockton, Lynn. These are but a few of the many. These cities have burdened their industries instead of encouraging them. Our Federal Government spends hundreds of thousands of dollars each year in assisting manufacturers to find markets for their products, and then the minor governments, the municipalities and the states, undo this vast and beneficial work by their unfair or biased actions. Industries are being forced to quit many cities. Where is Brockton to-day? Where will Paterson be if it continues to be a hot-bed of social anarchy and if industrial strife remains? Paterson will surely follow in the footsteps of Brockton. Its industries will leave. Then both will have the same plaintive wail. The politicians will cry, "What is to become of us if our industries continue to leave? What will become of our population?"

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Our plethora of legislation is causing the machinery of the law administrators to collapse. The courts are being burdened to an excess. The mass of legislation is beyond the human mind to grasp or comprehend and also beyond the power of the Government to enforce. Is it not time to have sanity in legislation? Is it not about time to stop this legislative avalanche? The people of the country alone are the only ones to create a breakwater against the surging seas of legislation that threatens to engulf the country. This is one of the aims of the National Conservation Movement.

Nothing is more wasteful of American energy than our political system. *We regard government as a business in itself rather than as a minor incident of life and necessity. We are ridden to death by too many laws. We choose public officials on the basis of popularity and then after electing them we judge their fitness to retain office by their volume of production rather than its qualities.* The result is that every officeholder feels impelled to keep busy—especially the legislator—in the hope that what he conceives to be his duty shall be replete of muchness. *We send to Congress men who have the time for it. The people who create our wealth remain at home. It is the latter who are more fit to devise legislation.*

Elihu Root says: "We can improve our lawmaking. We make too many laws. According to a count made in the Library of Congress, *our National and State legislatures passed 62,014 statutes during the five years from 1909 to 1913, inclusive. During the same five years 65,379 decisions from the national and state courts of the last resort were reported in six hundred and thirty volumes.* Many of these statutes are drawn superficially, carelessly, ignorantly. Their terms are so vague, uncertain, doubtful, that they breed litigation invariably. They are thrust into the body of existing laws without anybody taking any pains to ascertain what the existing laws are, what decisions the courts have made in applying and interpreting them, or what the resultant forces will be when the old laws and the new are brought together."

Then Mr. Root goes on to say: "One of the reasons why our legislation is so badly done is that this craze for making new laws upon every conceivable subject overburdens our legislative bodies and they have not the time to do their work properly. Instead of a moderate amount of legislation, well considered and well done, we have an enormous amount of legislation ill-considered and ill-done. The remedy for this is to cultivate public opinion in favor of moderation and against haste and excess in lawmaking." That precisely is one of the objects of the conservation movement. It hopes so to stimulate public interest in what is going on in legislative bodies that the people will curb the enactment of uncooked, radical, class legislation

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that is now being compiled and passed in such staggering quantities.

We have too many laws. Too much class legislation—legislation which is not only unfair, but a burden on the country. Legislation which arouses the antagonism of employers, thus bringing about a feeling of enmity and hatred where there should be co-operation.

Whose fault is it that this condition exists? The public's, yours? You men who complain about social unrest now leave the big business of government to professional politicians. You call these politicians your "representatives." Do they really represent you? If so, are they looking out to protect your interests, and to conserve the industry of the country? Why is it then that when Congress or State legislatures meet, a feeling of fear, often amounting to panic, spreads throughout the land? Legislation to-day spells ruination to many a legitimate industry. *Legislation to-day is no more than barter. You grind my axe and I'll grind yours. You annoy me and I will annoy you.*

Curbing Industrial Expansion by Taxation

Congressman Hull of Tennessee, an authority on taxation, recently compiled figures showing that *the people of the United States are paying,* or rather were paying in 1913, *the stupendous sum of $2,130,000,000 in the form of taxes of all kinds.* What the total is now no one can say. Of this aggregate of $2,130,000,000 the sum of over $1,000,000,000 constituted general and personal property taxes, the remainder being paid as different special taxes including $604,000,000 paid to the Federal Government in tariff taxes and internal revenue taxes. *Our population is about 100,000,000 people. Taxation of $2,130,000,000 in 1913 would indicate a per capita tax of $21.30.*

Over-taxation is curbing industrial expansion. The industrial conservation movement seeks to teach the evils of burdensome taxation, to turn the light on a subject that is a contributing cause to higher living costs. Congressman Hull reports that under the present income tax law and corporation tax to the United States the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois gave $69,078,981. These three states have 106 members in the House of Representatives. The other forty-five states paid in the same form of taxes $55,788,488 and have 329 members in the House of Representatives. While this condition may be due to the geographical location of our leading industries, this fact does not alter the need for greater care in the tax apportionment.

Federal taxation is a tremendous drain on our industries. State and local taxes are as bad. Our local politicians and the people who elect them fail to observe the simple economic law that burdensome taxation eventually affects their own purses. *One town in New Jersey*

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has permitted local taxation to increase 500 per cent in a five-year period as a result of the openly expressed purpose of local politicians to make local industries provide all improvements usual in large cities. This city has had its reward. It is still being rewarded. For each new plant that has come within its borders, it has lost three of its established industries. Take the case of Lynn, Mass. No less than 23 industrial plants, mostly shoe factories, left Lynn within a five-year period because of unreasonable taxation, compensation, and general labor laws adopted by the state legislature. These plants re-established in New Hampshire and Maine, where the laws were less burdensome. A director of two companies, one located in Massachusetts and the other in a neighboring state, declared recently that the one in Massachusetts paid in taxes $1,000 for every $100 paid by the other plant. Which plant is most profitable? The answer is apparent.

Massachusetts and other states are driving industries out of their boundaries simply because their laws make it impossible to compete with industries in other states. One company established 100 years in Massachusetts is now about to quit that state because its competitors have an advantage over it in lower cost of operation due to saner laws. The selfish agitator using distorted facts might explain this condition by saying that the working element in Massachusetts enjoys more than do their brethren in other states. This is not so. Employers emphatically deny they ever hoped to or wanted to dominate labor. They accept the present time as an era of social betterment, of industrial betterment. "We do not object to laws making it more comfortable for men and women who earn a living from our operations; but we pray that the avalanche of unnecessary and burdensome laws along these lines be stopped"—is the declaration of the employers who are behind the industrial conservation movement. Colonel Pope, head of the movement, declares that "If any of our members are found who have not put their houses in order, we are going after them until they do." This is industrial conservation's reply to those who would term the movement nothing but a snare of employers.

A few of the leading agitators in the field of organized labor oppose betterment work on the part of employers. These elements declare that welfare projects are merely devices to proselytize workers away from the unions. How far from the truth! The truth of the matter is that these agitators see a menace in betterment work because betterment work makes for greater contentment of the employe by removing the cloud of hate that others profitably seek to cultivate against employers. *"Look upon your employer as a monster"—is the destructive agitator's injunction to the army of workers.* Despite this antagonism, betterment work in making progress. Very few man-

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ufacturers consider such work or expenditure to be philanthropy, but, rather, a necessary feature of their business. While their motives may be as altruistic as those of the average of mankind, they find that it is good, from the business point of view, to promote as far as possible, the welfare of their employes. *Industrial betterment* pays. I said before that industrial conservation has a lesson for the employer as well as the employe and the public. The lesson that Industrial Conservation has to teach to employers is to make their workers happy. Make them contented, respectful and loyal. *Replace discontent, disaffection, with co-operative fellowship. This is not sophistry. The hardest field for the agitator to organize is one where employer and employe are on terms of friendship.* The turmoil in New York, as I write, affecting the traction lines has proven unsuccessful for the agitators simply because the employers had won the regard of their workers. Not ten per cent of the traction employes went on strike last September, a remarkable showing when it is considered that over 30,000 workers are employed.

Betterment work should *not* be conducted on a philanthropic basis. It leads to more harm than good, in most instances. Philanthropy is not appreciated by employes. *That is the reason why the term "welfare work" is not in the best of odor. It smacks of charity, and the American wage earner does not want charity.* "Industrial betterment" on the other hand is better. It connotes an attempt to provide the best kind of working and living conditions, and it also implies the co-operative responsibility of the wage earner and the employer in bringing these conditions about, and in improving them from time to time. It is not dole handed to the wage earner, but is a token of that spirit of mutuality which, under right conditions, should permeate industry.

What Happened in Brockton

If the people of Brockton knew what their politicians were doing in the past six years they would rise in wrath. Brockton to-day is suffering after having enjoyed its stolen fruit. In 1909 Brockton shipped 855,097 cases of shoes; in 1910, 818,828; in 1911, 774,495; in 1912, 679,946; in 1913, 698,386; in 1914, 646,791; in 1915, including the stimulated demand for shoes from warring countries, 611,976. Steadily declining! At $14 a case for wages the shoeworkers of Brockton have lost $13,000,000. Two-fifths of the shoe industry of Brockton has gone elsewhere. The reason for Brockton's decadence lies in the fact that a group of selfish domineering agitators are choking the life out of it. Fifteen years ago Brockton had a splendid future as a shoe manufacuring city. To-day the city would feel relieved if it lost all of its shoe plants. The City Council of Brockton planned to ascertain the cause of the blight; but the politicians who

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know, stopped such a plan and the Council intrenched itself behind a statement that its sole duty was to enact ordinances and vote appropriations and not cure the cancer that exists.

The Brockton "Searchlight" is however pressing the matter. It says editorially: "Not only has Brockton's industrial disease been acknowledged by the great mass of the people, but 95 per cent of the shoe workers of this city, if given the protection of an absolutely secret ballot, will give it as their opinion that the policy of their own organization officials is to blame for Brockton's industrial decay."

If industrial conservation had begun its propaganda in Brockton five years ago, that city would to-day probably have retained its importance as a shoe manufacturing center.

Are the Employers Greedy?

In a past issue of the Forum I discussed the arrogance of labor resulting from the widespread demand for workers due to war conditions. A Pittsburgh business man took exception to my article. He declared it to be shameful and vicious. He wrote that the employers were greedy. In the course of that article I declared "Wage increases have been compelled where manufacturers would not grant them of their own accord." This statement is a fact. The New Bedford Cotton Manufacturers' Association gave a ten per cent wage increase costing them $3,000,000 more each year, but declared that its business had not warranted the increase, but that as labor generally was receiving higher wages it would concede to the demands of the workers. This Pittsburgh business man wrote "What an admission! If the employers refuse to grant an increase in wages, why should not the employes force it if they have the power?" The usual argument of the unthinking. Who controls the greatest economic power? The man who supplies the machinery—the employer—or the man who operates the machinery, the employe. The answer of industrial conservation is that neither of the two controls the greatest economic power. The agitators attack betterment work on the part of employers as a snare. Yet they do not state that hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent by American manufacturers in improving the condition of their workers. How much have the National Cash Register Company, the International Harvester Company, the United States Steel Corporation, Cheney Brothers, the Curtis Publishing Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, just to mention a few of the many, done for their workers? Take a trip to Gary, Ind., to Rochester, to Joliet or other cities where large plants are, and see the fine homes the workmen get at moderate rents. They are not barracks, as the agitators would care to have you believe. They are homes that thousands of clerks in the big cities would be proud to have.

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Ours is a big country. A prosperous country. To continue as such "big business" is essential. Business does not need, does not ask, for any special legislation in its favor. It wants to be left alone that it may attend to its legitimate affairs. Paternalism and socialism are not desired. "Big business" asks justice, and relief from the persecution to which it has been subjected of late years. It is therefore necessary for employers to join with employers, for employes to join with employes, and these two with the people to form a triumvirate—and then get busy and take the "dust" out of industry.

Preparing for the Commercial Struggle

The country is now in the shifting sands of a temporary prosperity, and at the same time is apparently ignorant of the undermining operations that are constantly going on. It is manifest that some of those who profess properly to guide the destinies of labor have blinded themselves to the obvious fact that after the war this country will have a struggle for commercial supremacy on its hands. Industrial conservation calls on the nation to prepare for what is coming. Is labor preparing? Is labor learning a lesson of thrift? Is labor putting away some of its extra gains for the proverbial rainy day? Many so-called labor leaders have for the past three months been sowing the seeds of what it calls a "prosperity strike." Labor's great power is being misguided. If every labor man in this country struck against free trade and for a protective tariff, there would be some reason for such action. But to make a show of its strength at a time when its aid is sorely needed is merely representative of the usual frame of mind of selfish and short-sighted leadership.

Like going into battle with raw recruits, would be our facing Europe for world-wide trade after the war without a closer degree of co-operation between labor and capital.

We are certain that after-war competition will be severe, and with the United States the strongest nation of all financially, the efforts, I may say the concerted efforts, of Europe, will be towards our undoing. And are we prepared to meet this commercial invasion? Have we anything to compare to German efficiency, French economy, British determination, and Russian cohesiveness and ponderousness, not to include Japanese adroitness? Are we to be torn by industrial disputes as to the division of the fruits of industry? Are we taking steps to re-enforce the foundation inwardly or outwardly? Industrial conservation means to safeguard our prosperity. It seeks to conserve the benefits to both the worker and the employer. There will be a crisis such as never before obtained and on the shoulders of the American employer and his worker rests the responsibility for our weathering the storm.

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